The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 128. Vol. XXII. MAY, 1902. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* May *will be noticed in the* June *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th June *in the* July *number.*

News Notes.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling left Cape Town in the *Walmer Castle* on the 14th ult., and should reach Rottingdean early this month. Mr. Kipling's contribution to the autumn output of books will, we hear, be a volume of "Just-So Stories." Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will, as usual, be the English publishers, and Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Co. the American publishers of the book. Messrs. Morang and Co. will publish it in Canada, and there will be the usual German, French, Italian, Norwegian, Swedish and Danish translations.

In presenting to our readers this Carlyle number of The Bookman, we take pleasure in acknowledging the great kindness and assistance we have received from Mr. Reginald Blunt, the author of "The Carlyles' Chelsea Home," and well-known authority on Carlyle, who has been good enough to place at our disposal a number of most interesting pictures; to Mr. George G. Napier, who has permitted us to reproduce many of his photographs; to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, for the loan of several portraits, etc.; to Mr. Thomas Clark of Edinburgh, for the loan of negatives; and to Mr. Alexander Greig of Edinburgh, for information with regard to several of the pictures.

The first American edition of Dr. Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles" consisted of 50,000 copies, and is, we believe, rather in excess of the number printed in the first English edition. The book is, however, selling very rapidly on both sides of the water, and no doubt both English and American publishers are already reprinting.

THOMAS CARLYLE, ÆT. 58.
From a photograph taken July 31st, 1854.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

Mr. Thomas Hardy has been reading Sir George Douglas's delightful new volume of sketches, entitled "The Diversions of a Country Gentleman." In a recent letter he says, "The inexhaustible mine of border lore is worked by the author with highly picturesque effect; his perfect knowledge of the district and its inhabitants lends a crisp distinctness to every detail, and the leisurely dignity of his style well suits the subjects chosen."

We understand that Messrs. George Newnes have offered Mr. Gilbert Parker a commission to write a new serial story for publication in the *Strand Magazine*, and that Mr. Parker has accepted the commission.

Miss Harriet Jay's Life of her brother-in-law, Robert Buchanan, will not be published until after the Coronation. Miss Jay, who has just written a play with Madame Sarah Grand, has been staying at Southend while completing the work. She claims that she has dealt with the life and work of the poet in a spirit of strict impartiality and truthfulness. Among the contributors to the Buchanan Memorial are many eminent names, notably that of Mr. Herbert Spencer. We understand that Miss Jay inclines towards the erection of a drinking fountain in Southend, opposite Buchanan's former residence, as the most suitable form for the memorial.

We regret to hear that Maarten Maartens, the celebrated Dutch novelist, has lost his mother. Mrs. Van der Poorten Schwartz died at her residence in Utrecht on April 21st. She was beloved by a wide circle of friends, alike for her personality and for her many acts of charity and kindness.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is writing a series of sketches for serial publication in one of the popular sixpenny magazines. He is also at work revising his new novel, "Paul Kelver," at present running through the pages of *To-Day*. "Paul Kelver" is to be published in book form in September next, the English publishers being Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., and the American publishers Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

We hear that the production of the uniform edition of Dr. Doyle's works, which Messrs. Appleton have in hand, is now nearing completion. The edition is to consist of about twelve volumes, and will be published only by subscription. That is, no volume of the set will be sold apart from the other volumes, nor will the set be sold through the trade. Each volume will bear a retail price of $2.00.

A successor to Mr. John Holland Rose's "Life of Napoleon I." cannot be expected for a year or two. It will deal with certain phases of European history in the last century, and will be published by Mr. Grant Richards.

Mr. Bernard Shaw deals with his critics in the introduction that he has written to the cheap re-issue of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which Mr. Grant Richards will publish directly. The book will be illustrated with a number of photographs of the performers who took part in the play when it was produced under the auspices of the Stage Society.

The contributors to the forthcoming Volume II. of the illustrated edition of "Social England," which Messrs. Cassell and Company will publish in a few days, will include C. Raymond Beazley, M.A., Rev. H. E. D. Blakiston, M.A., W. Laird Clowes, W. J. Corbett, M.A., C. Creighton, M.A., M.D., E. Gordon Duff, M.A., Owen M. Edwards, M.A., C. R. L. Fletcher, M.A., Hubert Hall, F.S.A., H. Frank Heath, Ph.D., W. A. S. Hewins, M.A., Reginald Hughes, D.C.L., Rev. W. H. Hutton, M.A., Joseph Jacobs, B.A., Prof. F. W. Maitland, LL.D., Prof. D. J. Medley, M.A., Prof. C. W. C. Oman, M.A., R. L. Poole, M.A., M.D., the late W. S. Rockstrow, A. L. Smith, M.A., R. Steele, F.C.S., Rev. Prof. J. E. Symes, M.A. Among the illustrations of this second volume are a considerable number photographed direct from the Luttrell Psalter; the Canterbury Pilgrims, likewise photographed directly from the famous Ellesmere MS.; a photograph of a common field; several miniatures of mediæval artillery, including the earliest extant representation of a cannon, from the Millimete MS. at Christ Church, Oxford; and collections of brasses and miniatures illustrating armour and costume.

As an indication of the rapidly increasing interest taken in Mr. Richard Bagot's work in the United States, we learn that an American gentleman has recently given an order to the New York publisher of "Casting of Nets" for 300 copies, which he desires may be distributed, free, among the public libraries in the United States.

Mr. Richard Bagot's new novel, the scene of which is laid in Rome, is the result of his twelve years' residence in the eternal city.

Mr. Charles Scribner, who was in town for a few days in the early part of last month, and then went to the Continent, is expected back in London this week, on his way home.

Colonel Harvey, of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, is also returning to New York at an early date.

Mr. Scott, President of the Century Company, is at present on the Continent, but is expected to be in London some time towards the end of the month.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S MOTHER.

Margaret Aitken was the second wife of James Carlyle. "He married again," writes Carlyle, "in the beginning of 1795, my mother, Margaret Aitken (a woman of to me the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just, and wise). She was a faithful helpmate to him, toiling unweariedly at his side; to us the best of all mothers, to whom for care of body and soul I owe endless gratitude."—"Reminiscences."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

Mr. Clode, of Brentano's, who was here for a short time last month, is on his way back to America.

It is not expected that either Mr. Frank Dodd or his son, Mr. Edward H. Dodd, will visit England this year.

Mr. Doubleday, of Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Co., has just arrived in England, and expects to spend part of the summer in London.

Mr. William Le Queux has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel, to which he has given the title of "The Mysterious Mr. White." It will be published in the first instance serially, in Messrs. Tillotson and Son's Syndicate of weekly newspapers.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. are, we hear, to be the American publishers of Sir Harry Johnston's great book on Uganda, which is to be published in this country some time this month by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

Mr. Tom Gallon's Christmas book will this year be published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., who have hitherto published most of his novels.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard is now busy revising and amplifying, with a view to publication in book form, the articles which he recently contributed to the *Express* and some provincial papers, under the general title of "Back to the Land."

Mr. Charles Frohman has acquired the American rights of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins' very successful play, "Pilkerton's Peerage."

ARCH HOUSE, ECCLEFECHAN.

The Birthplace of Thomas Carlyle.

"In a house which his father, who was a mason, had built with his own hands, Thomas Carlyle was born on December 4th, 1795. Ecclefechan is a small market-town on the east side of Annandale. It consists of a single street, down one side of which, at that time, ran an open brook."—"Carlyle's Early Life," by J. A. Froude.

From a photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

THE ROOM AT ARCH HOUSE IN WHICH CARLYLE SAID HE WAS BORN.

The room in which Carlyle was born now contains some interesting mementoes of him. On the mantelpiece are two turned wooden candlesticks, a gift of John Sterling, sent from Rome; the table provides a resting-place for his study-lamp and his tea-caddy. All the furniture came from Cheyne Row, except the fender. The portraits over the mantelpiece are of himself and his mother.

From a photograph by G. G. Napier, M.A.

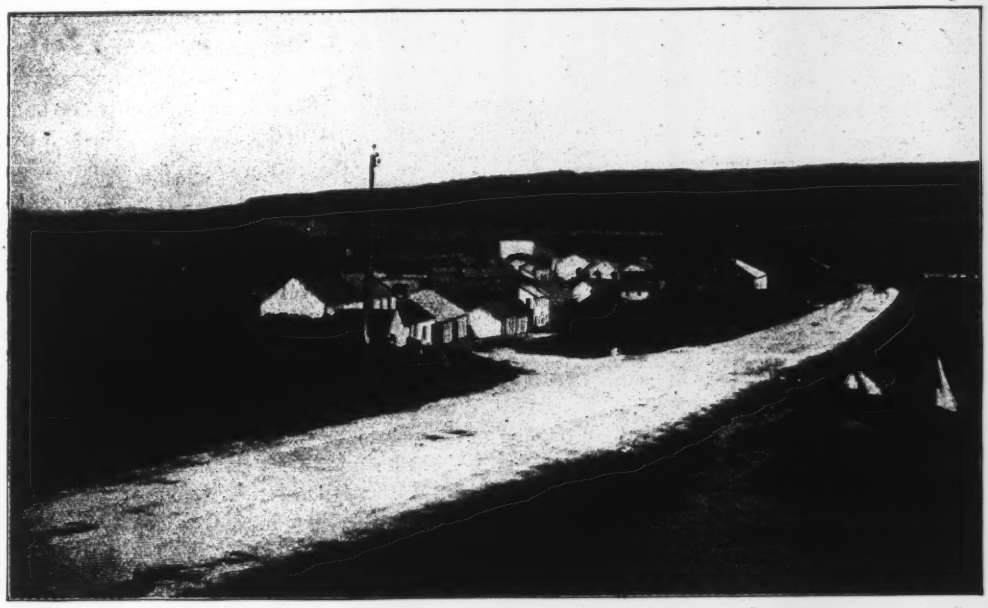
Mr. A. W. Marchmont, who sailed a week or two ago for New York, expects to spend some three or four months in America, where he has a number of friends and relations. In this connection it is interesting to note that the American sale of Mr. Marchmont's books is much larger than the English sale, large though that is.

Sir Martin Conway's forthcoming work, "The Ascent of Aconcagua," which was to have been published by Messrs. Cassell and Company in May, has been postponed till the autumn.

Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, whose anthology, "English Songs and Ballads," has just appeared in the "World's Classics" series, has in preparation a further anthology, "The Book of Humorous Verse," which will be published by Mr. Grant Richards in the autumn.

The second and concluding volume of "The National Portrait Gallery," edited by Lionel Cust, M.A., will be published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. during the autumn season.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are to publish the Autobiography of Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P.



ECCLEFECHAN, DUMFRIESSHIRE.

Carlyle's native village, and the Entepfuhl of "Sartor Resartus."

"With amazement I began to discover that Entepfuhl stood in the middle of a Country, of a World. . . . It was then that, independently of Schiller's 'Wilhelm Tell,' I made this not quite insignificant reflection (so true also in spiritual things): 'Any road, this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the end of the World!'"—"Sartor Resartus."

(Reproduced from "Letters of Thomas Carlyle to his Youngest Sister," by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

Mr. Grant Richards will be the publisher of Mr. Hamlin Garland's first long novel, "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop." He will issue it in September.

"The Coronation Dumpy Book" is the title of a volume in his series of "Dumpy Books for Children"

that Mr. Grant Richards will issue in May. The pictures are by Mr. Patten Wilson, and the letterpress by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland.

The new story of racing life which Mr. E. H. Cooper is writing will be published by Mr. John Long, under the title of "George and Son."

Mr. Grant Richards is to publish shortly "The Unspeakable Scot," by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland. The prospectus is as follows:—

"Will be a half humorous, half serious, and wholly ironical, indictment of the Scottish character and temperament. It will show that the vogue of the Scot in England and America is the outcome of Saxon indifference and not of Scottish capacity, that it is on the wane and that it was achieved by the practice of the very cheapest virtues. It will prove that in politics, art, letters, journalism and sundry other departments of activity the Scot has never accomplished anything that really matters. It will deal very straightly with Scottish swagger, 'clannishness,' uncouthness, illegitimacy, and general under-bredness. It will also deal very straightly with the Scottish pow-pow men, and the whole of the literary and journalistic hoot-awa-mon' set, and the persons who boom them. There will be chapters on the far-famed 'Doric,' on the Scot as dipsomaniac, on the Scot by marriage, on Scottish sentiment, on Scottish humour, and on the Scot turned Jew. The book will be at once informing and entertaining. It has been undertaken in no spirit of flippancy or truculence, but with an honest desire to hold the mirror up to Scotland and to enable her, for once in a way, to see hersel' as ithers see her."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

From a portrait by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

Now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

"Carlyle, already the author of 'Sartor Resartus' and the best of the essays, stands leaning against the traditional pillar with the conventional air of colourless good breeding. There is neither line in his face nor light in his eye."—David Hannay in the *Magazine of Art.*

Collection of Augustin Rischgits.

CAPTAIN CAIRNES.

Captain William Elliot Cairnes, who died at his chambers in Bury Street, St. James's, on the 19th inst., was well known in literary circles as an able military critic, and was the author of that much discussed book, "An Absent-Minded War." Captain Cairnes left the Army and Navy Club on Monday forenoon (the 14th April) to attend a meeting of the Remount Court of Inquiry, and in the evening he contracted a chill, which developed into pneumonia, to which he succumbed on Saturday morning.

I first met him during the dark days of the present Boer War, when he was contributing to the *Westminster Gazette* his brilliant articles on the military operations in South Africa. I suggested to him that if he would write a book of 25,000 words, dealing in a plain-spoken way with the conduct of the campaign, I would arrange for its publication without delay. The result was that in four days he handed to me the MS. of "An Absent-Minded War." After reading it I took the MS. to Mr. John Milne, the publisher of some successful shilling volumes. Mr. Milne read it in the course of the afternoon, and decided to accept it, and to put it on the market at once. The success of the book was immediate, and as it was issued anonymously, there was much curiosity about its authorship; but the secret was well kept, although it was known to Lord Rosebery, Lord Tweedmouth, Sir Charles Dilke, and other prominent politicians. After its publication Captain Cairnes wrote "The Army from Within" and "A Common-Sense Army," which were both popular, although they had not the success of their predecessor. He was also the author of the anonymous work entitled "Social Life in the British Army," a reprint of several articles which he contributed to *Harper's Magazine.*

Under his own name he published "The Coming Waterloo: a Novel of the Future," and "Lord Roberts as a Soldier in Peace and War."

About eighteen months ago he made arrangements to write a military history of the Boer War, and a book dealing with warfare in the nineteenth century, but these works he has not lived to finish.

At the time of his death Captain Cairnes was only in his fortieth year. A son of the late Professor Cairnes, the economist, he was born in September, 1862. He entered the 3rd Dragoon Guards from the Militia in May, 1884, but was transferred a week later to the South Staffordshire Regiment, and in July to the Royal Irish Fusiliers. He obtained his captaincy in May, 1890, and was adjutant of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry from March, 1897. During the last few months of his life he was much in favour at the War Office, and acted first as secretary to the Military Education Committee, and latterly as secretary to the Military Court of Inquiry into the proceedings of the Remount Department.

He was one of the hardest workers and one of the most charming men I have ever met.

J. EVELEIGH NASH.

MAINHILL FARM.

The home of Carlyle's parents from 1815 to 1825.

"Mainhill, which was now for many years to be Carlyle's *home*, where he first learned German, studied 'Faust' in a dry ditch, and completed his translation of 'Wilhelm Meister.'

"The situation is high, utterly bleak, and swept by all the winds. Not a tree shelters the premises."—"Carlyle's Early Life," by J. A. Froude.

From a photograph by G. G. Napier, M.A.

HODDAM HILL.

Carlyle took possession of Hoddam Hill Farm in 1825, his mother going with him as housekeeper, and his brother Alick as practical farmer.

"Here at term day I established myself; set up my Books and bits of implements and *Lares;* and took to doing *German Romance* as my daily work.

"With all its manifold petty troubles, this year at Hoddam Hill has a rustic beauty and dignity to me; and lies now like a not ignoble russet-coated idyll in my memory."—"Reminiscences."

From a photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

MARCH 20TH TO APRIL 20TH, 1902.

The business of the past month has dragged considerably, no work having appeared which was able to take any hold upon the public, and the slackness which set in immediately prior to the Easter holidays has not lifted to any appreciable extent throughout the whole period. This, together with the break of the holidays, has combined to bring the sales effected to a very low average.

Even fiction has to a large extent been affected by the prevailing dulness, but, although no extensive demand for any one work has been experienced, the sales of the 6s. novel have been, upon the whole, fairly well sustained. Amongst the rather small output of the month, the three most prominent have been "The Way of Escape," by Graham Travers; "The Lady Paramount," by Henry Harland; and "A Welsh Witch," by Allen Raine. "Scarlet and Hyssop," "Sir Richard Calmady," and "The Hound of the Baskervilles" have also been in constant request.

"Mr. Dooley's Opinions" continue to be consulted widely, and Sherlock Holmes' volumes have found many readers. "Ben Hur," in a variety of editions, may be said to have been one of the most important items of the month.

It is a somewhat unique event that the memoirs of two such literary notorieties as Sir Walter Besant and William Black should be placed before the public in the same month. They have both been well received, and "The Life of Gipsy Smith" continues to maintain its already firm hold upon the religious portion of the community.

Numerous works pertinent to Coronation events have been issued, but the demand for the more serious of these productions has not been large. A "Souvenir," by Baring-Gould, "The Bairn's Coronation Book," and "The Coronation Picture Book" have been the most popular.

"Clara in Blunderland," "Froissart's Modern Chronicles," and another work on similar lines, "The Westminster Alice," have all caught on.

In war literature, "Words by an Eye-Witness," and Conan Doyle's "War in South Africa," have continued to sell freely.

Sixpenny reprints are again forming an imposing item of trade, and "Ben Hur" has in this line been the leading feature.

The following are the books which have sold the most freely during the month:—

Scarlet and Hyssop. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Hound of the Baskervilles. By Conan Doyle. 6s. (Newnes.)
The Way of Escape. By Graham Travers. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. 6s. (Lane.)
A Welsh Witch. By Allen Raine. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Clara in Blunderland. By Caroline Lewis. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Froissart's Modern Chronicles. By F. C. Gould. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)
Life of Gipsy Smith. By Himself. 6s. (Law.)
Mr. Dooley's Opinions. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
"Adventures," and "Last Adventures" of Sherlock Holmes. Each, 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)
Ben Hur. In various editions, from 6d. to 3s. 6d.
Words by an Eye-witness. By "Linesman." 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
War in South Africa. By Conan Doyle. 6d. (Newnes.)
Sir Walter Besant's Autobiography. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)
Black (William) Life. By Wemyss Reid. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)
Coronation Souvenir. By Baring-Gould. 6d. net. (Skeffington.)
Coronation Picture Book. 1s. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

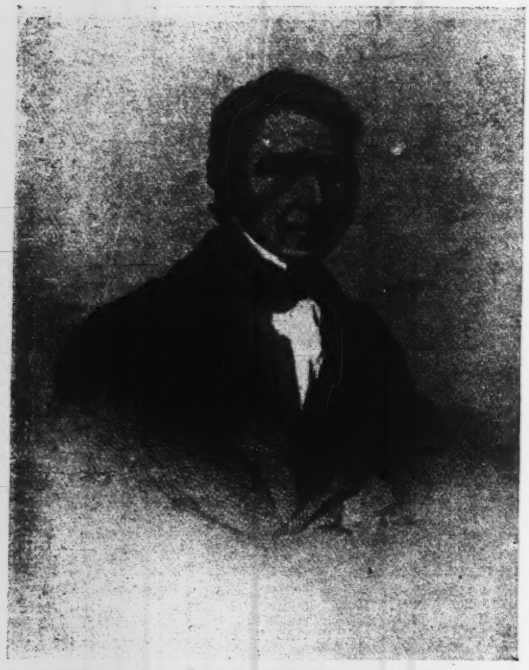
Week ending
March 22—A quiet week.
" 29—Very slack in all departments.
April 5—Easter holidays causes little trade to be done.
" 12—Slightly better in home departments.
" 19—Improvement maintained, but still quiet.

---

(2) SCOTLAND.

MARCH 20TH TO APRIL 21ST, 1902.

The preparations of both publishers and booksellers for a brisk Spring trade did not meet with appreciation during the month under review. Everywhere business was unusually quiet, and even for the large numbers of sixpenny reprints, recently published, there were very limited orders



A PORTRAIT OF CARLYLE ENGRAVED BY F. CROLL FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BY BEARD.
Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

taken. Of course, the Easter holidays brought with them the usual demand for tourist literature, cycling maps, and road books, and, with this beginning of the travelling season, local publishers became busy in preparing new editions of guides to the picturesque districts of Scotland.

The leading six-shilling novel was "The Hound of the Baskervilles," by Conan Doyle. It was followed closely in popularity by Mary Johnston's "Audrey," Crockett's "Dark o' the Moon," Benson's "Scarlet and Hyssop," and Douglas's "House with the Green Shutters." Much interest by the trade was shown in "The Way of Escape," shortly to be issued by the author of "Mona Maclean." Booksellers had inquiries for publications connected with the approaching Coronation ceremonies, and some difficulty was experienced in stocking these on account of the number issued.

Several books peculiarly interesting in Scotland were issued during the month, namely, "The Scots in Germany," by T. A. Fischer; "History of Scotland," Vol. II., by P. Hume Brown; and particularly "The Social and Religious Life in the Highlands," by Rev. K. Macdonald, which promises to have a considerable sale. The immediate publication of "The Scott Country," by Rev. W. S. Crockett, the minister of Tweedsmuir, may be mentioned in this connection as a work sure to have a good reception. The appearance of the cheap edition of Professor Drummond's Life at once claimed attention, showing that his striking personality remained interesting in many directions, and the sales of "James Chalmers' Life" proved the admiration existing for that martyred missionary hero.

The first volume of *The Ancestor*, a new illustrated quarterly, was readily bought; and for the Easter number of *The Art Journal*, with its interesting article on "Rossetti," there were many sales.

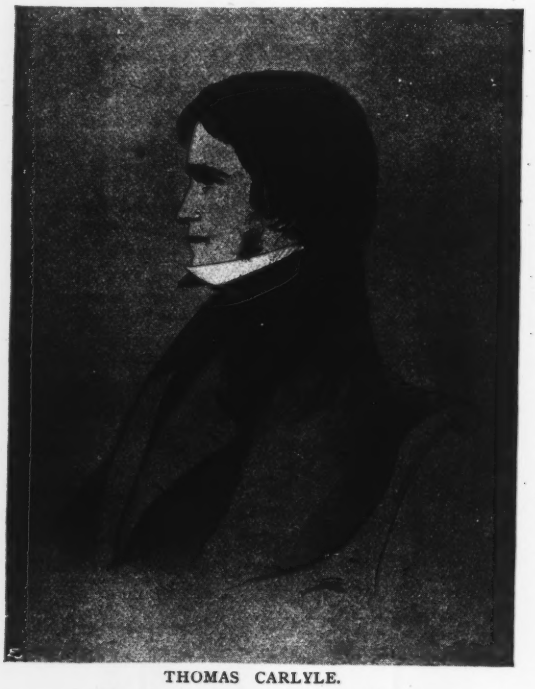
Perhaps two of the most successful books of the month were "The Modern Chronicles of Froissart" and "Clara in Blunderland," both humorous works evidently well suited to the popular taste.

Amongst the sixpenny editions of fiction the following had the largest sales:—"Ben Hur," "Silas Marner," "Double Thread," "Further Adventures of Captain Kettle," "Molly Bawn," "African Millionaire," "Puritan's Wife," "John Herring," "Ready Money Mortiboy."

As usual at this season, the fashion magazines were much in demand; but of all the monthlies, the one which had most attention was *The Review of Reviews*, with its special article on the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

The following is our list of best selling books:—

The Hound of the Baskervilles. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Newnes.)
Audrey. By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)
Dark o' the Moon. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Scarlet and Hyssop. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The House with the Green Shutters. By G. Douglas. 6s. (Macqueen.)
Froissart's Modern Chronicles. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)
My Strangest Case. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward and Lock.)
The Ancestor, Vol. I. 5s. net. (Constable.)
D. G. Rossetti. 2s. 6d. Easter Number Art Journal. (Virtue.)
Life of Henry Drummond. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Life of James Chalmers. 2s. 6d. net. (S. S. Union.)
Social and Religious Life in Highlands. 3s. 6d. (Hunter.)
Clara in Blunderland. By Caroline Lewis. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Catspaw. By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Chatto.)
Love Grown Cold. By Annie Swan. 5s. (Methuen.)
Gripped. By Silas Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)
Golf Lunatic. By Mrs. E. Kennard. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Victors. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)
Scots in Germany. By T. A. Fischer. 12s. 6d. net. (Schulze.)
Ben Hur. Various editions.



THOMAS CARLYLE.
From a sketch by Count D'Orsay (1839).
"He has contrived to make Carlyle look like the hero of a lady's novel—an excellent young man with a curl in his upper lip and a well-combed head of hair."—David Hannay in the *Magazine of Art.*
Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

XUM

The Booksellers' Diary.

MAY.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

May 5th.

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—His Italian Wife, 6/- ..... *John Long*
HUME, FERGUS.—A Traitor in London, 6d. ..... *John Long*
RUSKIN, JOHN.—Flortus Inclusas. With Additions and Illustrations. 5/- net ..... *George Allen*
WHITE, STEWART E.—The Blazed Trail. Illustrated. 6/- *Constable*
GORDON, HOME.—Cricket Form at a Glance, 3/6 ..... *Constable*
WATSON, REV. SETON.—Maximilian I., 5/- net ..... *Constable*

May 6th.

MUIRHEAD, PROF. J. H., M.A.—Philosophy and Life, 4/6 *Sonnenschein*
WELLS, MARK.—A National Peril: An Exposure of the Congregational Ministry, 2/- ..... *Sonnenschein*
WALLIS, A. S. C.—In Troubled Times, 6/- ..... *Sonnenschein*
WALLIS, A. S. C.—Royal Favour, 6/- ..... *Sonnenschein*
BLAKE, WILBEN.—Jack Ellington, 6/- ..... *Sonnenschein*
ELIOT, GEORGE.—The Mill on the Floss. Million Library. 1/6 ..... *Walter Scott*
MARSH, RICHARD.—Between the Dark and the Daylight, 6/- *Digby, Long*
SILWAY, REGINALD E.—A Son of Mischief, 6/- ... *Digby, Long*
YOLLAND, E.—The Monk's Shadow, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*

May 7th.

PRITCHARD, MRS. ERIC.—The Cult of Chiffon, 5/- net *Grant Richards*
MERRY, ANDREW.—The Green Country, 6/- ... *Grant Richards*
THOMAS, ROSE HAIG.—Spiderland, 5/- ..... *Grant Richards*
DAVIDSON, JOHN.—The Testament of an Empire Builder, 6d. net ..... *Grant Richards*
CORNISH, C. J.—The Naturalist on the Thames, 7/6 *Seeley & Co.*
ALLEN, INGLIS.—A Graduate in Love, 6/- ..... *Pearson*
ALDERSON, BERNARD.—Andrew Carnegie, 2/6 ..... *Pearson*
DOWNE, WALMER.—The Dane's Daughter, 6/- ..... *Pearson*
FOLI, PROF. P. R. S.—Pearson's Dream Book, 1/- ..... *Pearson*
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—Something in the City, 6/- *John Long*
HOWARD, KEBLE ("Chicot").—Letters to Dolly. Illustrated. 3/6 ..... *John Long*

May 8th.

PERRY, W. C.—Sancta Paula: A Romance of the Fourth Century, 6/- ..... *Sonnenschein*
SONNENSCHEIN, PROF. E. A., M.A., LL.D.—Ora Maritima: A First Latin Book, 2/- ..... *Sonnenschein*
RUSSELL, T. W., M.P.—The Irish Land Question *Sonnenschein*
"A NATIVE."—Recollections of Dublin Castle and of Dublin County, 6/- ..... *Chatto & Windus*
VIZETELLY, E. A.—Bluebeard, 9/- net ..... *Chatto & Windus*
RICHARDSON, FRANK.—The King's Counsel, 6/- *Chatto & Windus*
HAMILTON, COSMO.—Through a Keyhole; and The Glamour of the Impossible, 3/6 ..... *Chatto & Windus*
FINDLATER, J. H.—Rachel. Fleur de lis Series. 3/6 ... *Methuen*
FINDLATER, J. H. AND M.—Tales that are Told. Fleur de lis Series. 3/6 ..... *Methuen*
WALLACE, LEW.—The Fair God, 6d. ..... *Methuen*
MACLEOD, TORQUIL.—The Dame of the Fine Green Kirtle, 3/6 ..... *John Long*
MARSH, RICHARD.—Mrs. Musgrave and Her Husband, 6d. *John Long*
AMPHLETT, E. M.—How to Bat. Illustrated. 1/- ... *Treherne*
TREMAYNE, HAROLD.—The Shears of Fate, 6/- ..... *Treherne*

May 9th.

CROCKETT, REV. W. S.—The Scott Country, 6/- *A. & C. Black*
SHERARD, ROBERT H.—The Closed Door, 3/6 net *Digby, Long*
GALLOWAY, W. JOHNSON, M.P.—The Operatic Problem, 1/- net ..... *John Long*

May 10th.

BEDWELL, HUGH.—Life's Little Comedies. Poems. 3/6 net *John Long*
CHRISTIAN, SUSAN.—An Inland Ferry, 6/- *Smith, Elder & Co.*

May 12th.

MAN, GARNET.—Papal Aims and Papal Claims, 5/- *Sonnenschein*
WALSH, WALTER.—Religious Life of Queen Victoria, 7/6 *Sonnenschein*
ROWLANDS, LILIAN BOWEN.—The Passion of Mahael, 6/- *Fisher Unwin*
NEWTON, JOHN.—Captain John Brown of Harper's Ferry, 6/- *Fisher Unwin*
RHYS, JOHN, AND DAVID BRYNMOR JONES.—The Welsh People. Third and Revised Edition. 16/- ... *Fisher Unwin*
GLASGOW, ELLEN.—The Battleground, 6/- ..... *Constable*
NIELD, JONATHAN.—A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales, 5/- net ..... *Elkin Mathews*
ALGER, J. G.—Paris in 1789-1794. With Farewell Letters of Victims of the Guillotine. 10/6 net ..... *George Allen*
MANSON, JAMES A.—Sir Edwin Landseer. Makers of British Art Series. 3/6 net ..... *Walter Scott Co.*
KEELING, ELSA D'ESTERRE.—Sir Joshua Reynolds. Makers of British Art Series. 3/6 net ..... *Walter Scott Co.*
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—The Magic of Home, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
CONWAY, JAMES.—Recollections of Sport Among Fin, Fur, and Feather, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
SPENCER-HALL, CAPT. J.—The World of Earth. Maps, etc. 7/6 net ..... *Digby, Long*
RODNEY, HARLEY.—Gummy's Island. Illustrated. 6/- *Digby, Long*
VIZETELLY, E.—Warrior Women, 2/6 ..... *Treherne*
My Visit to the Metropolis of the World. A Coronation View, and Guide Book to London, 1/- net ..... *Eyre & Spottiswoode*

May 13th.

DEISSMAN, PROF. ADOLPH.—The Epistle of Psenosiris, 2/6 *A. & C. Black*

May 14th.

WARDEN, FLORENCE.—A Hole and Corner Marriage, 6/- *Pearson*
WHITE, PERCY.—Millionaire's Daughter, 2/- ..... *Pearson*
WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—Set to Partners, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*

May 15th.

CLOWES, ALICE.—Stranded, 2/6 ..... *Sonnenschein*
HALL, G. ROME, M.D.—Human Evolution, 7/6 ... *Sonnenschein*
MASON, FINCH.—The Annals of the Horse-Shoe Club, 6/- *Chatto & Windus*
PENDERED, M. L.—An Englishman. Fleur de lis Series. 3/6 *Methuen*
WALFORD, MRS.—Successors to the Title. Fleur de lis Series. 3/6 ..... *Methuen*
WATERHOUSE, E.—A Little Book of Life and Death. Little Library. 1/6 and 2/6 net ..... *Methuen*

May 16th.

By the Author of "Collections and Recollections."—An Onlooker's Note-Book, 7/6 net ..... *Smith, Elder & Co.*
CAPES, BERNARD.—The Mill of Silence, 6/- ..... *John Long*

May 19th.

HAYWARD, C. S.—The Summer Playground. 6/- ...*George Allen*
MITCHELL, WILLIAM.—Reminiscences of a Professional Billiard Player, 1/- ..... *Treherne*
LYTTON, LORD.—Last Days of Pompeii. Coronation Series. 1/6 ..... *Treherne*

May 20th.

BESANT, SIR WALTER.—Chelsea (Fascination of London Series), 1/- net ..... *A. & C. Black*
CHARLES, REV. PROF. R. H., D.D.—The Book of Jubilees, 10/6 net ..... *A. & C. Black*
KEMPSTER, AQUILA.—The Adventures of Prince Aga Mirza, 1/- and 2/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
EDWARDS, OWEN M.—The Mabinogion. Welsh Library. Vols. I.—III. 1/- and 2/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*

May 21st.

WALLER, A. R., Editor.—Plays of Molière. Vol. I. 3/6 net *Grant Richards*
O'SULLIVAN, VINCENT.—A Dissertation upon Second Fiddles, 5/- ..... *Grant Richards*
CROSLAND, T. W. H.—The Unspeakable Scot, 5/- *Grant Richards*
WASHINGTON, BOOKER T.—Up from Slavery *Grant Richards*

May 22nd.

STEPHENS, R. N.—An Enemy to the King. Fleur de lis Series. 3/6 ..... *Methuen*
FENN, G. MANVILLE.—The Star Gazers. Fleur de lis Series. 3/6 ..... *Methuen*

May 26th.

HATTON, BESSIE.—Pilgrims of Love, 6/- ..... *Treherne*
BROWNE, EDWARD G., M.A., M.B.—A Literary History of Persia. Vol. I. 16/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
HASLER, G.—Bernese Oberland (Climber's Guide), 10/- *Fisher Unwin*

May 27th.

HOPE, ASCOTT R.—Harum-Scarum, 3/6..... *A. & C. Black*

May 28th.

CROWEST, FREDERICK J.—Musicians' Wit, Humour, and Anecdote, 3/6 ..... *Walter Scott Co.*

May 30th.

BURGIN, G. B.—A Wilful Woman, 6/- ..... *John Long*
SPENCER, EDWARD.—The King's Race-Horses. History of His Majesty's Connection with the National Sport. Photogravure Plates. £3 3s. and £10 10s. .... *John Long*

June 2nd.

PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—Dwellers by the River, 6/- *John Long*
CHIGNELL, ROBERT.—J. W. M. Turner. Makers of British Art Series. 3/6 net ..... *Walter Scott Co.*
"X. C."—Everyday Life in Cape Colony, 3/6 ..... *Fisher Unwin*

June 3rd.

CONE, O., D.D.—Rich and Poor in the New Testament, 6/- *A. & C. Black*
BESANT, SIR WALTER.—Westminster (Fascination of London Series), 1/- net ..... *A. & C. Black*

The Reader.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MRS. CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE.

Dr. Welsh's house at Haddington, in which his daughter Jane was born. "It is my native place still! and, after all, there is much in it that I love. I love the bleaching green, where I used to caper, and roll, and tumble, and make gowan necklaces and chains of dandelion stalks, in the days of my '*wee existence*.'"—"Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle."

From a photograph by G. G. Napier, M.A.

THERE are few cultivated people who do not pretend to have read Mr. Lecky's "History of Rationalism in Europe." That very able work covers the whole of one very important side of modern development. But the picture of the real progress, the real mental and moral improvement of our species during the last few centuries, will not be complete until Mr. Lecky publishes a companion volume entitled "The History of Irrationalism in Europe." The two tendencies, acting together, have been responsible for the whole advancement of the Western world. Rationalism is, of course, that power which makes people invent sewing machines, understand Euclid, reform vestries, pull out teeth, and number the fixed stars. Irrationalism is that other force, if possible more essential, which makes men look at sunsets, laugh at jokes, go on crusades, write poems, enter monasteries, and jump over haycocks. Rationalism is the beneficent attempt to make our institutions and theories fit the world we live in, as clothes fit the wearer. Irrationalism is the beneficent reminder that, at the best, they do not fit. Irrationalism exists to point out that that eccentric old gentleman, "The World," is such a curiously shaped old gentleman that the most perfect coats and waistcoats have an extraordinary way of leaving parts of him out, sometimes whole legs and arms, the existence of which the tailor had not suspected. And as surely as there arises a consistent theory of life which seems to give a whole plan of it, there will appear within a score or two of years a great irrationalist to tell the world of strange seas and forests which are nowhere down on the map. The great movement of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which rose to its height in the French Revolution and the positivist philosophy, was the last great rationalistic synthesis. The inevitable irrationalist who followed it was Thomas Carlyle. This is the first and most essential view of his position.

In order to explain the matter more clearly, it is necessary to recur to our image of the old gentleman whom no tailor could fit. Not only do the tailors tend to think that clothes can be made to fit the old gentleman, but they tend very often to think that the whole question is a question of clothes. Thus, for instance, the Popes and Bolingbrokes of the earlier eighteenth century tried to make man a purer symbol of civilisation. They tried to pluck from him altogether his love of the savage and primeval, as they might have plucked off a shaggy wig from the old gentleman in order to put on a powdered one. A bystander of the name of Byron, who was indeed none other than the inevitable Irrationalist, startled them by pointing out that the shaggy object was not a wig at all, but the poor old gentleman's own hair; that, in other words, the love of the savage, the primeval, the lonely and unsociable, was a part of man, and it was their business to recognise it. Then arose the new fashion in cosmic clothes, which did recognise this natural element. Rousseau and Shelley took the old gentleman in hand, and provided him with spring-like garments, coloured like the clouds of morning. But one of their principles was the absolute principle of equality. Finding, therefore, that the old gentleman was wearing a curiously shaped hat,

JANE BAILLIE WELSH, AFTERWARDS MRS. THOMAS CARLYLE.

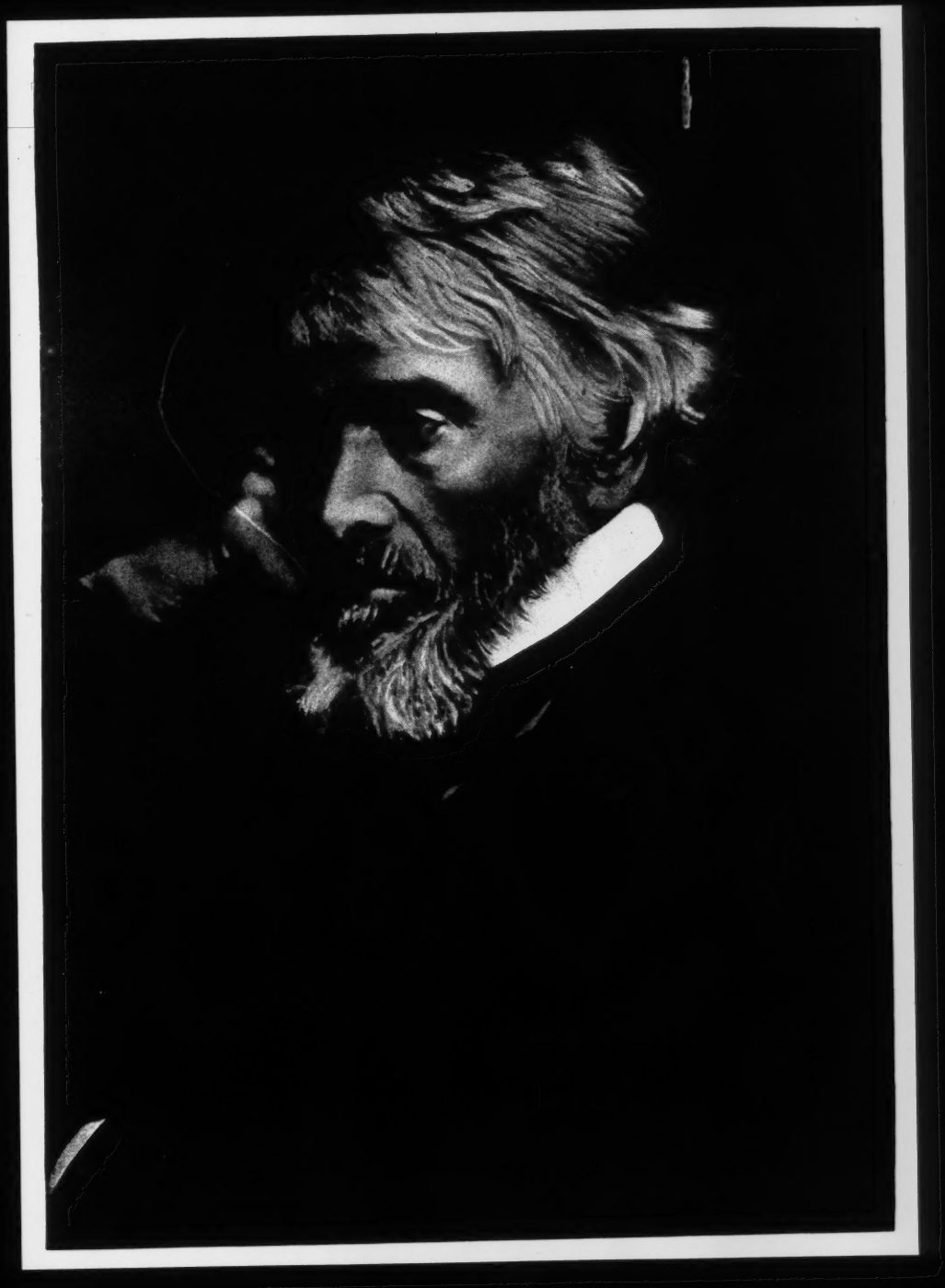
From a miniature painted by K. Macleay, R.S.A.

"In the ancient county-town of Haddington, July 14th, 1801, there was born to a lately wedded pair . . . a little daughter, whom they named Jane Baillie Welsh, and whose subsequent and final name (her own common signature for many years) was Jane Welsh Carlyle. . . . Oh, she was noble, very noble, in that early as in all other periods, and made the ugliest and dullest into something beautiful! I look back on it as if through rainbows—the bit of sunshine hers, the tears my own."—"Reminiscences."

From a photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

XUM

XUM



1, MORAY STREET (NOW SPEY STREET), LEITH WALK, EDINBURGH.

The house in which Carlyle lodged during his Edinburgh University days, and where his literary work was commenced in earnest. It was at this time, in Leith Walk, the *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer* of "Sartor Resartus," that Carlyle began to take a braver outlook on life. "All at once there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself: 'What *art* thou afraid of? . . It is from this hour that I incline to date my spiritual new-birth or baphometic fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man."—"Sartor Resartus."

From a photograph by Mr. Thomas Clark, of Edinburgh.

CARLYLE'S FIRST EDINBURGH LODGING IN SIMON SQUARE.

"Thomas Carlyle came up from Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, to attend Edinburgh University for the November term in 1809, when scarcely fourteen years of age. His companion was Tom Smail, two or three years older than himself; they walked all the way, and took three days to do the journey of sixty miles. . . . Carlyle and his companion had secured a clean-looking and cheap lodging in a poorer part of the south side of the town off Nicholson Street, called Simon Square."—"Homes and Haunts of Thomas Carlyle."

From a photograph by Mr. Thomas Clark, of Edinburgh.

compounded of crown, coronet, and mitre, the great hat of Godhood, kinghood, and superiority, they proceeded, in order to make him more natural, to knock it off, and to them suddenly appeared the inevitable Irrationalist, a Scotch gentleman from Dumfriesshire, who, addressing them politely, said, "You believe that that regal object you are knocking off is his hat; believe me, gentlemen, it is his head. Such mistakes will occur after a hasty inspection, but that kingship is really a part of the old gentleman, and it is your business to recognise it." As Byron had come, just as the classic edifice of polite deism had been completed, to point out that the fact remained that he, Byron, did prefer walking by the seashore to taking tea in the garden, so Carlyle appeared, just as the austere temple of political equality was erected, to point out that the fact remained that he did think many people a great deal better than himself, and very many people a great deal worse. Thus, then, as the asserter of the natural character of kingship against the natural character of equality, it is that Thomas Carlyle primarily stands twenty-one years after his death.

Now I do not think, as I shall show later, that Carlyle ever really understood the true doctrine of equality; but it is certainly at least equally true that the egalitarians and the ordinary opponents of Carlyle have never done the least justice to Carlyle's doctrine of hero-worship. The usual theory is that he believed in a race of arrogant strong men, brutally self-sufficient and brazenly indifferent to ethical limits, and that he wanted these men to frighten and dominate the populace as a keeper or a doctor frightens and dominates the lunatic in a cell. It is not too much to say that there is scarcely a trace in Carlyle's works of this barbarous and ridiculous idea. If there be a trace of it here and there, it is mere explosion of personal ill-temper, and has nothing whatever in common with Carlyle's deliberate theory of the hero. His theory of the hero was that he was a man whom men followed, not because they could not help fearing, but because they could not help loving him. His theory, right or wrong, was that when a man was your superior you were acting naturally in looking up to him, and were therefore happy; that you were acting unnaturally in equalising yourself with him, and were therefore unhappy. Most people, except those solemn persons who are called with some humour free-thinkers, would agree, for instance, that the worship of God was a human function, and therefore gave pleasure to the performer of it, like eating or taking exercise. Now Carlyle held, rightly or wrongly, that the worship of man, of the great man, was also a human function, and therefore gave pleasure to the performer of it. It all depends upon whether we do take an egalitarian or an aristocratic view of the spiritual world. If the spiritual world is based upon equality, then, no doubt, to keep a man in an inferior position must spiritually depress and degrade him. But if beings in the spiritual world have higher and lower functions, it is obvious that it is equally depressing and degrading to a man to take him out of his position and make him either a citizen or an emperor.

It will be found relevant to what I have to say hereafter to remark at this point that I do not myself accept Carlyle's conception of the spiritual world as exhaustive. I believe in the essence of the old doctrine of equality, because it appears to me to result from all conceptions of the divinity of man. Of course there are inequalities, and obvious ones, but though they are not insignificant positively, they are insignificant comparatively. If men are all really the images of God, to talk about their differences has its significance, but only about the same significance which may be found in talking about the respective heights of twenty men, all of whom have received the Victoria Cross, or the respective length of the moustaches of twenty men, all of whom have died to save their fellow creatures. In comparison with the point in which they are equal, the point in which they are unequal is not merely decidedly, but almost infinitely insignificant. But my reason for indicating my own opinion on the matter, at this point, is a definite one. Carlyle's view of equality does not happen to be mine; but it has an absolute right to be stated justly, and to be stated

from Carlyle's point of view. It was not a brutal fear or a mean worship of force; it was a serious belief that some found blessedness in commanding, and some in obeying. Now this kind of intellectual justice was the one great quality which was lacking in Carlyle himself. He would not consent to listen to Rousseau's gospel, as I have suggested that we should listen to Carlyle's gospel. He would not put Rousseau's gospel from Rousseau's point of view. And consequently to the end of his days he never understood any gospel except Carlyle's gospel.

When a literary man is known to have been almost a monster of industry, when he has produced a colossal epic like "Frederick the Great" on the dullest of all earthly subjects—Germany in the eighteenth century—when he has piled up all the complicated material of a history of the French Revolution, lost it, and by a portent of heroism piled it all up again; when he has achieved such masterpieces of research as the discovery of sense in Cromwell's speeches, and good qualities in Frederick of Prussia; when an author has done all this, it may seem a singular comment upon him to say that his main characteristic was a lack of patience. But this was in reality the chief weakness, in fact the only real weakness, of Carlyle as a moralist. It is very much easier to have what may be called moral patience or mental patience than to have something which may best be described as spiritual patience. Carlyle was patient with facts, dates, documents, intolerably wearisome memoirs; but he was not patient with the soul of man. He was not patient with ideas, theories, tendencies, outside his own philosophy. He never understood, and therefore persistently undervalued, the real meaning of the idea of liberty, which is a faith in the growth and life of the human mind; vague indeed in its nature, but transcending in its magnitude even our faith in our own faiths. He was something of a Tory, something of a Sans-culotte, something of a Puritan, something of an Imperialist, something of a Socialist; but he was never, even for a single moment, a Liberal. He did not believe, as the Liberal believes, first indeed in his own truth, which in his eyes is pure truth, but beyond that also in that mightier truth which is made up of a million lies.

THOMAS CARLYLE, ABOUT 1860.
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

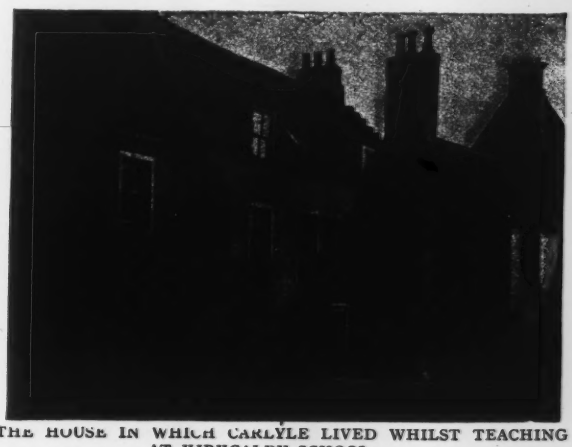
And this spiritual impatience of Carlyle has left its peculiar mark in the only defect which can really be found in his historical works. Of the astonishing power and humour and poignancy of those historical works I think it scarcely necessary to speak. A man must have a very poor literary sense who can read one of Carlyle's slighter sketches, such as "The Diamond Necklace," and not feel that he has at the same time to deal with one of the greatest satirists, one of the greatest mystics, and incomparably one of the finest story-tellers in the world. No historian ever realised so strongly the recondite and ill-digested fact that history has consisted of human beings, each isolated, each vacillating, each living in an eternal present, or, in other words, that history has not consisted of crowds, or kings, or Acts of Parliament, or systems of government, or articles of belief. And Carlyle has, moreover, introduced into the philosophy of history one element which had been absent from it since the writing of the Old Testament—the element of something which can only be called humour in the just government of the universe. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh them to scorn, the Lord shall have them in derision," is a note that is struck again in Carlyle for the first time after two thousand years. It is the note of the sarcasm of providence. Anyone who will read those admirable chapters of Carlyle on Chartism will realise that, while all other humanitarians were insisting upon the cruelty or the inconsistency or the barbarism of neglecting the problem of labour, Carlyle is rather filled with a kind of almost celestial astonishment at the absurdity of neglecting it.

But a definite defect there is, as I have suggested, in Carlyle, considered as an historian, and it flows directly from that real moral defect in his nature, an impatience with other men's ideas. In judging of men as men, he was not only quick and graphic and correct, but in the main essentially genial and magnanimous. Only a very superficial critic will think that Carlyle was misanthropic because he was surly. There is very much more real sympathy with human problems and temptations in a page of this shaggy old malcontent than in whole libraries of constitutional history by dapper and polite rationalists, who treat men as automata, and put their virtues and vices into separate pigeonholes. If I had made a mistake or committed a sin that had any sort of human character about it, I would very much rather fall into the hands of Carlyle than into the hands of Mr. Hallam or Mr. James Mill. But while Carlyle did realise the fact that every man carries about with him his own life and atmosphere, he did not realise that other truth, that every man carries about with him his own theory of the world. Each one of us is living in a separate Cosmos. The theory of life held by one man never corresponds exactly to that held by another. The whole of a man's opinions, morals, tastes, manners, hobbies, work back eventually to some picture of existence itself which, whether it be a paradise or a battlefield, or a school or a chaos, is not precisely the same picture of existence

THE SCHOOL AT KIRKCALDY.

The school at which Carlyle taught in Kirkcaldy was started in opposition to a school of which Edward Irving was master. They became intimate friends. "But for Irving," he says, "I had never known what the communion of man with man means." It was here Carlyle met Miss Margaret Gordon, the "Blumine" of "Sartor Resartus."

From a photograph by R. Millikin, Kirkcaldy.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH CARLYLE LIVED WHILST TEACHING AT KIRKCALDY SCHOOL.

"Kirkcaldy itself . . . was a solidly diligent, yet by no means a panting, puffing, or in any way gambling 'Lang Toun.' I, in particular, always rather liked the people—though from the distance chiefly; chagrined and discouraged by the sad *trade* one had!"—"Reminiscences."

From a photograph by R. Millikin, Kirkcaldy.

which lies at the back of any other brain. Carlyle had not fully realised that it was a case of one man, one Cosmos. Consequently, he devoted himself entirely to asking what place any man, say Robespierre or Shelley, occupied in Carlyle's Cosmos. It never occurred to him sufficiently clearly to ask what place Shelley occupied in Shelley's Cosmos, or Robespierre in Robespierre's Cosmos. Not feeling the need of this, he never studied, he never really listened to Shelley's philosophy or Robespierre's philosophy. Here, after a somewhat long circuit, we have arrived at the one serious deficiency in Carlyle's histories, a neglect to realise the importance of theory and of alternative theories in human affairs.

The standing example of this is the "History of the French Revolution." Carlyle's conception of the French Revolution is simply and absolutely that of an elemental outbreak, an explosion of nature in history, an earthquake in the moral world. Human nature, Carlyle seems to tell us, had been stifled more and more in the wrappings of artificiality, until, when its condition had just passed the tolerable, gagged, blinded, deaf, and ignorant of what it really wanted, by a gigantic muscular effort it burst its bonds.

So far as it goes, this is perfectly true of the French Revolution; but only so far as it goes. The French Revolution was a sudden starting from slumber of that terrible spirit of man which sleeps through the greater number of the centuries; and Carlyle appreciates this, and describes it more powerfully and fearfully than any human historian, because this idea of the spirit of man breaking through formulæ and building again on fundamentals was a part of his own philosophical theory, and therefore he understood it. But he never, as I have said, took any real trouble to understand other people's philosophical theories. And he did not realise the other fact about the French Revolution—the fact that it was not merely an elemental outbreak, but was also a great doctrinal movement. It is an astonishing thing that Carlyle's "French Revolution" contrives to be as admirable and as accurate a history as it is, while from one end to the other there is hardly a suggestion that he comprehended the moral and political theories which were the guiding stars of the French Revolutionists. It was not necessary that he should agree with them, but it was necessary that he should be interested in them; nay, in order that he should write a perfect history of their developments, it was necessary that he should admire them. The truly impartial historian is not he who is enthusiastic for neither side in a historic struggle: that method was adopted by the rationalistic historians of the Hallam type, and resulted in the dullest and thinnest and most essentially false chronicles that were ever compiled about mankind. The truly

THOMAS CARLYLE.

From a wood engraving by Pearson of Sir J. E. Boehm's gold medallion, presented to Carlyle on his eightieth birthday, 1875, from friends and admirers in Edinburgh.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

SCOTSBRIG.

A "substantial farm" in the neighbourhood of Ecclefechan, to which the Carlyles removed from Mainhill in 1826.

"We are all got over with whole bones to this new country; and every soul of us, our mother to begin with, much in love with it. The house is in bad order, but we hope to have it soon repaired, and for farming purposes it is an excellent 'shell of a house.'"—"Letters of Thomas Carlyle."

From a photograph by G. G. Napier, M.A.

TEMPLAND, NEAR THORNHILL, DUMFRIESSHIRE.

Thomas Carlyle married Jane Baillie Welsh on Oct. 17th, 1826, at Templand, Mrs. Welsh's residence.

"They were married at Templand in the quietest fashion, John Carlyle the only other person present except Miss Welsh's family."—"Early Life," by J. A. Froude.

From a photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

impartial historian is he who is enthusiastic for both sides. He holds in his heart a hundred fanaticisms. The truly philosophical historian does not patronise Cromwell and pat the King on the head as Hallam does; the true philosophical historian could ride after Cromwell like an Ironside and adore the King like a Cavalier.

The only history that is worth knowing or worth striving to know is the history of the human head and the human heart, and of what great loves it has been enamoured: truth in the sense of the absolute justice is a thing for which fools look in history and wise men in the Day of Judgment. It is the glory of Carlyle that he did realise that the intellectual impartiality of the rationalist historian was merely emotional ignorance. It was his only defect that he extended his sympathy, in cases like that of the French Revolution, only to headlong men and impetuous actions, and not to great schools of revolutionary doctrine and faith. He made somewhat the same mistake with regard to the Middle Ages, touching which his contributions are unequalled in picturesqueness and potency. He conceived the mediæval period in Europe as a barbaric verity, "a rude, stalwart age"; he did not realise what is more and more unfolding itself to all serious historians, that the mediæval period in Europe was a civilisation based upon a certain scheme of moral science of almost unexampled multiplicity and stringency, a scheme in which the colours of a lacquey's coat could be traced back to a system of astronomy, and the smallest bye-law for a village green had some relation to great ecclesiastical and moral mysteries. It is remarkable that we always call a rival civilisation savage: the Chinese call us barbarians, and we call them barbarians. The Middle Ages were a rival civilisation, based upon moral science, to ours based upon physical science. Most modern historians have abused this great civilisation for being barbarous: Carlyle had made one great stride beyond them in so far that he admired it for being barbarous. But his fatal strain of intellectual impatience prevented him from getting on to the right side of Catholic dogmas, just as it prevented him from getting on to the right side of Jacobin dogmas. He never really discovered what other people meant by Apostolic Succession, or Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

Probably his few mistakes arose from his unfortunate tendency to find "shams." Some have supposed this to be the essence and value of his message; it was in truth its worst pitfall and disaster. A man is almost always wrong when he sets about to prove the unreality and uselessness of anything: he is almost invariably right when he sets about to prove the reality and value of anything. I have a quite different and much more genuine right to say that bull's-eyes are nice than I have to say liquorice is nasty: I have found out the meaning of the first and not of the second. And if a man goes on a tearing hunt after shams as Carlyle did, it is probable that he will find little or nothing real. He is tearing off the branches to find the tree.

I have said all that is to be said against Carlyle's work almost designedly: for he is one of those who are so great that we rather need to blame them for the sake of our own independence than praise them for the sake of their fame. He came and spoke a word, and the chatter of rationalism stopped, and the sums would no longer work out and be ended. He was a breath of Nature turning in her sleep under the load of civilisation, a stir in the very stillness of God to tell us He was still there.

21, COMELY BANK, EDINBURGH

Carlyle and his wife lived at Comely Bank for eighteen months after their marriage.

"Our trim little cottage, far from all the uproar and putrescence (material and spiritual) of the reeky town, the sound of which we hear not, and only see over the knowe the reflection of its gaslights against the dusky sky."—Letter from Thomas Carlyle.

From a photograph by Mr. Thomas Clark, of Edinburgh.

THE NOVELIST OF THULE.*

By SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

WHEN the nineteenth century was about entering its final quarter, the literary undergraduate of our universities, with whom largely rests the making of taste in the immediate future, was a reader of few novels. George

THE HOUSE AT HADDINGTON,
Where Jane Baillie Welsh lived.
From a photograph by J. F. Gordon, Haddington.

Eliot's works, of course, he read; but the author of "Middlemarch" had then but two arrows, not of the sharpest, remaining in her quiver. Thomas Hardy had only just come to the front; R. L. S. was as yet entirely unknown. Black and Blackmore, then, were the novelists in highest favour among those who were careful in their reading. Later on, as his position became assured, Black lost much of his distinction: the action of his stories began to move too slowly, and to be encumbered with otiose or extraneous matter. But at the period indicated, his Queen Tita, Sheila, Coquette, filled for a time the foremost places among contemporary heroines of fiction. And, consequently, it is to those who have left their ninth lustrum behind that the book before us will appeal most forcibly. Let me say at once that it possesses several of the attributes of the best kind of biography. First, it is the work of an intimate and sympathetic friend of the man whose life it records, yet of one whose admiration seldom outruns his discretion. Secondly, it is written in a clear, terse style; whilst the biographer's name is of itself a guarantee of practised workmanship. Further, it is the record of the pure, honourable, amiable life of a writer who, if he did not attain to a position among our classic novelists, possessed a genial talent, capable of giving pleasure to countless thousands. And this talent, notwithstanding, alas! that he scarcely ever read a review (p. 205), we must admit that he used with a due sense of his responsibilities as artist and instructor.

William Black was born in the Trongate of Glasgow on the 15th November, 1841, coming of a good middle-class Scottish stock. Highland blood flowed in his veins—a fact on which Sir Wemyss Reid lays stress, as essential to the understanding of occasional marked variations in his humour. However this may be, the literary characteristics which, rightly or wrongly, have come to be labelled Celtic are traceable in his work only in so far as his deliberate studies of mountain, sea, and sky can be regarded as a development of the rapidly-rendered landscape of Ossian. In other respects, he has much more affinity with things Teutonic. His first wife was a German, and we now learn that, during a brief experience as a sort of irregular war-correspondent in the Austro-Prussian Campaign, he became strongly attracted to that nation, though it is evident (p. 203) that he knew very little of the grammar of its language. It may be noted in passing that this influence is to be regretted, as tending to aggravate that defective sense of form and of structural symmetry which a Latin culture might have corrected. Also, he may have learnt from Germany the evil lesson that a Teutonic novel-reader's patience of tediousness is practically unlimited.

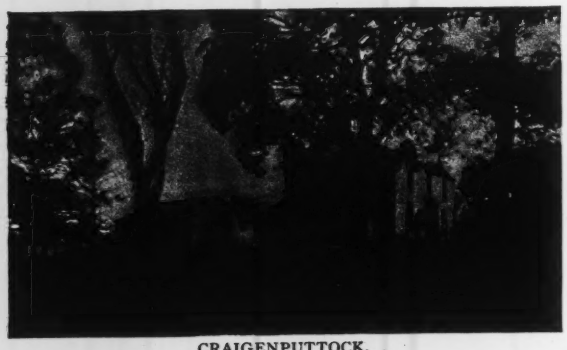
To resume. Young Black's education was conducted on any rather than the good old classical lines, which, at the worst, result in the attainment of a small amount of absolutely certain knowledge. By his own account, he "managed to pick up a vast array of smatterings—a crude and confused jumble of hydraulics, Latin verbs, vegetable physiology, Czerny's exercises," etc. His first aspiration, like that of Gautier, was to be a painter; but the loss of his father, when he was only sixteen, helped to divert his ambition into more practicable channels. He did some work upon the Glasgow press, and wrote "James Merle," a novel which, though unsuccessful, was, in the biographer's view, meritorious. Then, at the age of twenty-two, he

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

"She managed so well that comfort was never absent from her house, and no one looking on could have guessed whether they were rich or poor. Whatever she had to do she did with a peculiar personal grace that gave a charm to the most prosaic details. Her insight was like witchcraft."—Miss Jewsbury in "Reminiscences."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

*"William Black: A Biography." By Wemyss Reid. 15s. (Cassell.)



CRAIGENPUTTOCK.
Carlyle's residence from 1828 to 1834. Here, in the solitude "almost druidical," he wrote "Sartor Resartus."
"Poor Puttock! Castle of many chagrins; peatbog castle, where the devil never slumbers nor sleeps! very touching art thou to me when I look on thy image here."—"Letters of Thomas Carlyle."
From a photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

PORTRAIT GROUP TAKEN AT KIRKCALDY.
Thomas Carlyle, his niece, his brother, and Provost Swan.
From a photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

tried his fortune in London. Thither his acquaintance, Robert Buchanan, had preceded him,—warned by whose experience the widowed Mrs. Black prudently insisted that her son should take employment as a mercantile clerk until the path of letters should be smooth before him. To his acquiescence in this scheme it was probably due that he escaped all knowledge of that bitter struggle which did much to warp the character of the elder Glasgow writer. For a time, at first, the two young men were house-mates.

A profitable opening soon enabled Black to dispense with crutches, and to walk unaided as a man of letters; though, as assistant editor of the *Daily News*, and afterwards as London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*, he continued his connexion with the press long after his reputation as a novelist had been made. Though he wrote several novels in the interval, this happy consummation was not reached until 1871, when he found sufficient detachment from his German sympathies to enable him to embody in "A Daughter of Heth" the most winning of all his conceptions—namely, that of a charming French maiden, transplanted to the alien atmosphere of a Scotch manse, of whose inmates — dour and prejudiced, yet skilfully humanised — she ere the end effects the conquest. The success of this novel was immediate and complete; as has been already hinted, it placed its author second only to the veteran George Eliot among British novelists of the period. Yet, even in this book—in such a scene as that of the seal-shooting—there were symptoms of a literary vice which is destined, we believe, to prove ruinous to much of Black's work. In "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," his next book, his abuse of word-painting appeared full-grown. Hear, however, his biographer on this subject. We quote from pp. 111-112,—.

THOMAS CARLYLE.
From a drawing by E. J. Sullivan.
"Professor Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, of Weissnichtwo, is nothing if he is not Carlyle in disguise, the projection of the Scotchman's individuality upon a half humorous, half philosophical German background."—Ernest Rhys, Introductory Note to "Sartor Resartus."
(Reproduced from the illustrated "Sartor Resartus," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

"Here was a man who with his steel pen could paint the cloud scenery of a gorgeous sunset, or some fair landscape bathed in the mellow light of noontide, with all the richness, the fulness of colour, and even the vague suggestiveness that distinguished the brush of Turner. The art was almost a new one in English literature. . . . No such landscape-painting, no such vivid impressions of the shifting shapes and hues of the morning and evening sky, had ever before adorned the pages of our literature. If 'The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton' were to prove only a guide-book in disguise, then assuredly it was such a guide-book as we had never possessed before. But as the serial ran its course in the magazine, it was seen that only half its charm lay in these wonderful descriptive passages, glowing with colour and brilliant with atmospheric effects, such as had never

CARLYLE'S HOUSE AT 5 (*now* 24), CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA.

In 1834 the Carlyles removed from Craigenputtock to Chelsea, and here they lived for the remainder of their lives. In 1895 the house was purchased by the Carlyle's House Memorial Trust, and opened to the public on July 26th of that year.

"We are called 'Cheyne Row' proper (pronounced *Chainie* Row), and are a 'genteel neighbourhood,' two old ladies on the one side, unknown character on the other, but with 'pianos,' as Hunt said. The street is flag-pathed, sunk-storied, iron-railed, all old-fashioned and tightly done up."—Carlyle's Letter to his Wife, May 21st, 1834.

From a photograph by J. Patrick, Edinburgh.

before been rendered in English prose. It had the other charm of delightful character-sketching."

All this is true, and, needless to say, it is intended for high praise. To ourselves, however, the whole passage, and especially what is implied in the last two sentences, constitutes an indictment not only of the book in question, but of Black's literary manner generally. A very old rule in literature lays down that the only pictures which should be painted with the pen are those which cannot be painted with the brush—the term "picture" being understood to apply not, of course, to necessary description, but to description for its own sake. If this rule be accepted, then a large amount of Black's work goes by the board. Perhaps it is only fair here to recall the fact that this very mannerism won the warm commendation of Ruskin. But, as literary critic, Ruskin was nothing if not fallible. Stevenson, a man of sounder literary tact, though of lesser eloquence, roundly declared that colour had no place in literature, and even thought it necessary to account for the use of the word "purple" by Shakespeare.

This, however, is scarcely the place for a discussion of abstract principles. After the publication of his next novel, "A Princess of Thule," Black continued to repeat old effects rather than attempt new ones. His reputation was at most sustained, not increased. Occasionally, in such a story as "That Beautiful Wretch," he stooped to triviality and commonplace. Here, therefore, we may take leave of him. Though Scott in "The Lord of the Isles" had sketched the scenery of the West Highlands before him, it is to Black that belongs the distinction of opening up the district, and making its details familiar to the great world of novel-readers. There is, therefore, a fitness in his being commemorated by a Beacon Tower on Duart Point; whilst for posterity he may, perhaps, be ticketed the Novelist of Thule.

GUIDE TO FLEET STREET.*

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

IF Mr. Grant Richards goes on with his series of "How To" books, the next generation will have less excuse than we have had for any want of success. For two and six he tells you how to write for the magazines; a like sum teaches you how to write an essay. The art of dabbling in mines is more expensive, costing as much as six shillings. Here, in Mr. Pendleton's book, for the intermediate fee of three and six, is a whole course of lessons for the youth who wishes to tread the primrose path of journalism. Alluring talk here of editorships at £2,000 a year; there are, it appears, not many of these, but £2,000 a year is a good round, plump, attractive sum, one on which a man may wear a clean collar every other day, if he be extravagantly minded. Some editors have explained to the author how they arrived at their high positions; and although of the editor of the *Morning Post* it is said: "It is difficult to say how he got on the press" (which is not helpful), subsequent details are more informative. "During a term in a law office, he wrote articles for papers and for magazines, and, to his surprise, got them accepted." An attitude of astonishment is more frequently shown by the beginner when his articles are *not* accepted, and here, then, is a tip well worth noting; in future heated protests must only be made when one is furnished with proofs. The best policy, says Mr. Pendleton, for the beginner is to forward the manuscript and let it take its chance, accompanied by "a terse note." It is to be feared that this advice will have no effect whatever on young ladies, who

THOMAS CARLYLE.
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

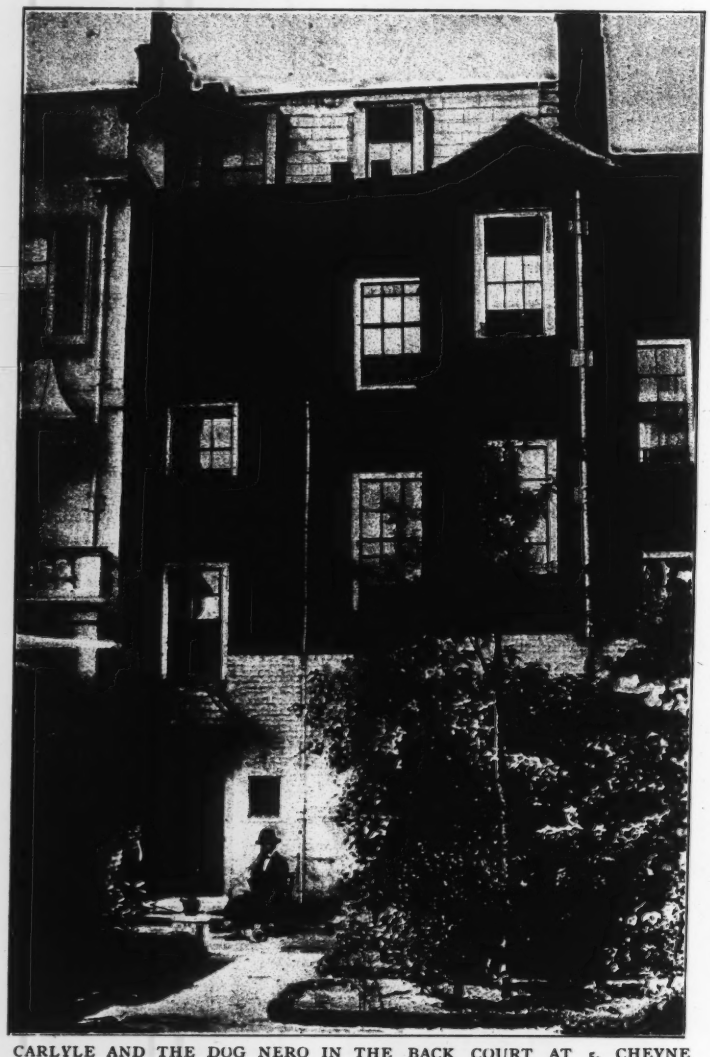
* "How to Succeed as a Journalist." 3s. 6d. By John Pendleton. (Grant Richards.)

prefer to write flattering notes with their contributions, and ask tenderly after the editor's cold.

Bribes, it appears, from five pound notes to a piece of plum cake, are offered to journalists, and the circumstance made public, many young men will, I fear, be diverted from original intentions of entering the Civil Service, where such incidents are rare. "Drink," writes Mr. Pendleton, "is offered to the journalist as freely as if he were a cab-man." This, surely, marks the dividing line between literature and journalism, for too rarely does it happen that novelists receive communications from grateful readers begging their acceptance of a case of Imperial Tokay. True, the novelist is sometimes invited out to dinner, but the public prints have recently disclosed the fact that he does not shine in society, which perhaps is why he is seldom asked twice to the same place.

The book recommends that would-be journalists should learn to write plainly, and a painful instance is given where the compositors were unable to read a certain contribution, and on the scrip being referred to the writer, he himself had to acknowledge his inability to decipher. "The well-dressed have always an advantage over the slovenly. The well-groomed manuscript has a similar advantage over the bedraggled contribution." Oxford men, so Mr. Pendleton declares, always take off their boots before they begin to work. We have here at least one definite result of a University education. Cambridge, it appears, furnishes few recruits of a useful nature to the army of journalists. "Cambridge," the author neatly puts it, "hardly counts in the new-century estimate of journalistic fitness." Note what comes of too close attention to rowing.

The lady journalist is dealt with in a separate chapter. "Some editors receive her coldly—look askance at her." This, if true, encourages the popular belief that editors are something more than human and something less than humane. But once the lady journalist has obtained her appointment, she is prepared, Mr. Pendleton says, to go anywhere with comparatively little outfit. "The woman writer, with the mind of Rienzi and the stride of the Guardsman, is not difficult to find." Personally, I have not encountered this happy combination of qualities; but if Mr. Pendleton is sure of his facts, it is easy to understand why short men have little chance in the journalistic race. She has other advantages. "Neither smoking nor drinking are necessary," says the book, in an imperfect sentence, "are necessary as palliatives to her toil."



CARLYLE AND THE DOG NERO IN THE BACK COURT AT 5, CHEYNE ROW (1857).

From a photograph by Robert Tait.

"The dwarf wall and pillars, which divide the garden from the flagged court, were built in 1852. The walk ran due east for six or eight feet from between the centre pillars, and then turned to the left at right angles. The walk had edging tiles along the side nearest the wall, and a flower border stretched between the wall and tiles. Two china garden-seats (called by Mrs. Carlyle 'noblemen's seats') were placed in the garden in summer; but Carlyle generally used one of the kitchen chairs as his garden-seat.'—"Carlyle's House Catalogue."

(Reproduced from Reginald Blunt's "The Carlyles' Chelsea Home," by kind permission of the author.)

In a paragraph headed "An Important Department" it is said the notion still obtains that any fool can review a novel, and Mr. Pendleton studiously refrains from giving the lie to the disturbing impression. He does stamp as ridiculous a more extravagant notion, that reviewing is done by "some stealthy individual seething with spite against authors," and this re-assures one; besides, I cannot think that any really stealthy person would go about seething; the habit would be too likely to betray him. "Neither the editor, nor his assistant-editor, gives fiendish instructions to the effect that this or that author should be flayed alive." Evidently, a man can earn £2,000 a year and yet preserve some kindly instincts towards the down-trodden and oppressed. All the same, there was, in connection with a departed journal, a story of a book being packed up for review, with a note saying, "Be kind to Monkhouse," of encounter with some critical remarks by the said author, and of the parcel being unpacked and the note amended to read, "Be *just* to Monkhouse."

XUM

New Books.

SIR WALTER BESANT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

If I were asked to name Sir Walter Besant's best novel I should be tempted to select his "Autobiography." It may be said that life in a novel is imaginary, that life in an autobiography is not imaginary, and that therefore an autobiography is not a novel. But all life is imaginary. I am imaginary. You are imaginary. We are all imaginary. I imagine you, you imagine me, and we all imagine each other. Sir Walter Besant imagined himself in his Autobiography just as in his novels he imagined others. But was he not a real person? There are no real persons. There are real things, such as isosceles triangles and the Coronation, but there are no real persons. Life is fiction, and an author in his autobiography is not less imaginary than in his frock-coat. Mr. Squire Sprigge has wisely treated Sir Walter Besant's "Autobiography" as respectfully as if it were a posthumous novel. He has not tampered with it, but has "confined the modifications to the correction of obvious slips." May all literary executors follow his example! Sorrowfully remembering Byron's "Diary" burnt by Hobhouse, and Blake's priceless manuscripts destroyed by Tatham, one wishes that the greater writers could be as fortunate in their choice of executors as the lesser ones. The temptation to meddle with Besant's "Autobiography" was strong. He had not revised it, it includes some things his friends would like to leave out, and it leaves out many things they would like to include. But in spite of this "The Widow" has not given Mr. Gosse occasion to blaspheme, and we have a portrait of the novelist as he imagined himself, and not devitalised by the discretions or indiscretions of his friends.

CARLYLE READING UNDER THE AWNING IN HIS GARDEN AT 5, CHEYNE ROW (1857).

From a photograph by Robert Tait.

"He was fond of this secluded little back court, where in summer an awning was sometimes stretched; here, with a watering-pot to cool the flags, his writing-table, and a butler's tray full of books at his side, he could work when heat drove him from his sublime double-walled garret."

"It is of admirable comfort to me in the smoking way," he writes to his mother. "I can wander about in dressing-gown and straw hat in it as of old, and take my pipe in peace."

(Reproduced from Reginald Blunt's "The Carlyles' Chelsea Home," by kind permission of the author.)

Perhaps no man is a hero to himself. Certainly, Besant was not. His modesty is disconcerting to an age wherein vanity varies inversely with ability. He claims nothing for himself save "certain powers of imagination" and "a tolerably good memory." He not only knows but says that there were "limits to his powers," and he genially admits that he was not granted "the supreme gift of the foremost rank." Modesty so genuine is almost genius. It explains the man and his work and their popularity. It is modesty that makes him say nothing about his knighthood, and nothing about those enormous services and sacrifices which he cast at the feet of his fellow authors. Mr. Meredith's noble eulogy helps us to measure the modesty that made him add to his "vast and toilsome" labours in other fields that immense labour of love with which his name echoes. His altruism was really his modesty in motion. Do not think the unselfishness of modesty is a common thing. In the literary character it is the rarest of virtues. Too often the gall in the inkpot gets into the blood. Even the successful author watches his comrades with vigilant envy, regarding every fresh achievement as a wrong, and every new reputation as an injury. Few writing men are eaten up with the splendid lust of helpfulness which made Besant. The Great-heart of the New Grub Street, Mr. Sprigge rightly calls him "a beautiful dreamer," but his dreams were the solid, homely, good-natured dreams of a plain, practical Englishman. He never propped his ladder against the moon.

One thing strikes us as we look at this portrait of a novelist by himself. He was a business man rather than a "littery gent." His interest was in things rather than words. He was the antithesis of the voluptuary in verbs. An English business man! "Whether I am studying a picture, a poem, a drama, or a novel, it is the story that I look for first. . . . In many cases, I put the matter first and the form afterwards." He applied business methods to writing. If he had not done so he could not have worked the last pennyweight out of his brain. He had the Englishman's passion for organising things. He organised himself, his novels, his clubs, his societies, his philanthropies. His last years were spent in organising a Brobdingnagian "Survey of London." I confess that the Besantine lust of labour amazes me even more than the Besantine lust of helpfulness. He took work to wife until death parted them. "It is no merit in me to work continuously. I am not happy when I am not working. . . . In the evening, after dinner, I am fain to repair to my study, there to look over proofs, hunt up points, *and arrange for the next day's work*." What pathos! Right up to the grave-side he was "arranging for the next day's work." Perhaps it is as well that all writers are not so absolutely possessed of the work-devil. If every one worked like Besant there would be nothing left to work at in a few generations. And, really, in fairness to posterity we ought to leave it something to go on with. It would be sad if our grandchildren, perishing of work-hunger, should curse our thoughtless industry.

Besant was no plaster saint. Although he eschews "confessions" he says enough to let us see that he was not a prig. He is not afraid to put villains into his last novel. Barabbas escapes, it is true, but there is a fine villain in a surplice, who

* "Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant." With a Prefatory Note by S. Squire Sprigge. 16s. net. (Hutchinson and Co.)

THOMAS CARLYLE.

From the painting by J. McNeill Whistler.

"Mr. Whistler, in the Glasgow Corporation Art Galleries, has distinctly succeeded in making the face of Carlyle interesting. He has avoided anything like exaggeration. He has not tried to make capital out of the rugged mass of the hair, or to give a wild-man-of-the-woods look to the face by laying stress on its deep lines and stern contours. The head is noble, quiet, and sad. The artist has tried to paint a serious portrait rather than to give a 'view,' and he has succeeded."—David Hannay in the *Magazine of Art*.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. T. & R. Annan & Sons, by courtesy of the Glasgow Corporation)

terrifies Mr. Sprigge. Still finer than the Surpliced Villain is the Villain as Critic. Mr. Abingdon could play us as we stand. Mr. Sprigge apologises for the "acerbity" of our scowl, and begs us to believe that Besant would have toned us down if he had had time. That would have been a pity. We like to be abused, for we know that we deserve the worst, and worse than the worst. Nothing could be blacker than our own inner consciousness of our own inner depravity. Besides, what fun would there be in praising us? The tigers of wrath are not always wiser than the horses of instruction, but they are always more amusing. For my part, I think the chapters in which Besant slashes the slasher and slates the slater are the brightest in the book. His impeachment of the practice of "reviewing by batches" is irrefutable, but it is hard to find a remedy for a cash grievance. Editors cannot pay the perfect critic to review every novel. The ideal plan is to sift the dust-heap and review only the better novels. But the toil of sifting is so terrible that your perfect critic (when caught) can hardly be paid enough to face it. It is the work of a syndicate, and I hope Mr. Pierpont Morgan will take it in hand. A syndicate of novel-tasters!

There is nothing transcendental in Besant's description of

CORNER IN DRAWING-ROOM AT 5, CHEYNE ROW,
with Carlyle's reading chair, given him by John Forster.

Drawn by R. Gray from a photograph by C. Baly (1881).

"Home between five and six, with mud mackintoshes off, and the nightmares locked up for awhile, I tried for an hour's sleep before my (solitary, dietetic, altogether simple) bit of dinner; but first always came up for half an hour to the drawing- room and her; where a bright, kindly fire was sure to be burning (candles hardly lit, all in trustful chiaroscuro). . . . This was the one bright portion of my black day. Oh, those evening half-hours, how beautiful and blessed they were."—"Reminiscences."

(Reproduced from Reginald Blunt's "The Carlyles' Chelsea Home," by kind permission of the author.)

his methods. He hated literary cant. He simply could not pose. "Inspiration is only another name for prolonged idleness under a nonsensical pretence." Thus brutally he crushes with the boot of candour the dreamy glamour dear to the amateur. One can hear his deep derisive growl at shams. His downrightness was natural. Literature to him was just daily work and daily bread. He wrote eighteen novels in eighteen years. "During this period my beard grew grey. I advanced from forty-six to sixty-four; from middle age I became old; but I never ceased to rejoice in my work." Never was there a happier writing-man. In this story of a happy life we miss the usual whine and howl, the parade of wrongs, the shop-window dressed with sorrows. "What should I have done had it not been for this pageant of dreamland, which has kept me perfectly happy?" And why shouldn't writers be as happy as other ratepayers? For the benefit of "aspirants," Besant tells how he wrote his novels. Having first decided on the central motif of the story, he invented his characters, and then attacked the construction. He made a novel as engineers make a tunnel, "in which the rough boring and blasting goes on ahead, while the completion of the work slowly advances." There is no "nonsensical pretence" in his picture of the literary workshop. He worked like any other workman, and that is all. He disliked the analytic school, for he was not analytically minded. How can one help loving a man so simple, so honest, so good-natured? His very limitations are cheerful. Behind his character there is a glow of firelight, Christmas logs burning on the hearth, and English joviality. Such men are the salt that keeps our literature wholesome.

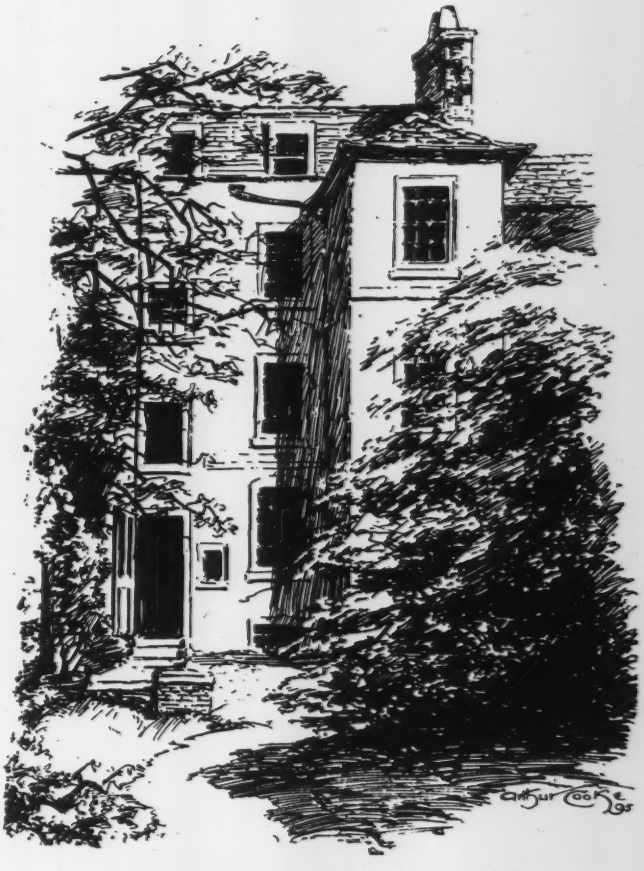
JAMES DOUGLAS.

THE COMPLETE EDITION OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.*

The present edition promises to be, not in name only, the complete edition of Charlotte Brontë, and it commends itself at once to the confidence of standard book buyers. The volume before us is handsome in appearance, the typography is excellent, and the introductory matter is a model of what an introduction to a standard novel should be. The writer of this last is Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who falls short of no living person (unless it be Mr. Shorter) in Brontë knowledge, and it may be added that Dr. Nicoll is fortunately not one of that numerous class "who know so much about their subject that they cannot condescend to be lucid," for his prelude to the book is not only admirably proportioned, but is also a pattern of concision and clearness.

The novels of Charlotte Brontë deserve pre-eminently to be studied in the light of the writer's biography and letters. This is the case with most writers, especially with lady novelists, and *a fortiori* with one of Charlotte's "energetically personal character." "Jane Eyre" came out on October 16th, 1847—rather quick work for such a long novel, the MS. of which only reached Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. during the last week in the previous August. "Since the appearance of 'Grantley Manor' no novel had created such a sensation." A furore for "Jane" prevailed before Christmas. The second edition appeared early in January, 1848, with the striking dedication to Thackeray.

Miss Brontë and Thackeray were two contemporary creatures of genius, mutually attracted by one another's writings, but dwelling in different hemispheres of thought, and having about as much in common as an inland spinster and a whale. Thackeray was largely responsible for his admirer's misconception; he was so often in the pulpit in his novels that Miss Brontë was justified in expecting her Titan to have an air of one of the Almighty's apparitors about him. But the real Thackeray, as we know, was a member of the Garrick Club, with no more of the Spurgeonesque element in his composition than is usual among men about town of



THE GARDEN AT No. 5, CHEYNE ROW.

"Behind we have a garden (so called in the language of flattery) in the worst of order, but boasting of two vines which produced two bunches of grapes in the season, which 'might be eaten,' and a walnut tree, from which I gathered almost sixpence-worth of walnuts."—Letter from Jane Welsh Carlyle.

* "The 'Complete Edition' of Charlotte Brontë's Works." Jane Eyre, to which is added The Moores. With Introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

reasonably Bohemian antecedents. A little before the second edition the "heavy" reviews had appeared—the "Quarterly," "my grandmother's review, the British," and others, and the verdict was: a powerful book, but "horrid." Could a woman have written such a book? if so, she must be a woman unclassed, if not unsexed. Juster verdicts were passed by "Fraser," the "Examiner," and especially by Eugène Forçade in the "Revue des deux Mondes," who had the insight to detect a feminine authorship, an insight shared by Dickens, but not, apparently, by Thackeray. Yet the Rigby strictures were not wholly unjust. Mrs. Gaskell

THOMAS CARLYLE.

From the portrait painted by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A. for Mr. J. A. Froude in 1877.

In the National Portrait Gallery.

"And yet under Millais's hands the old Carlyle stood again upon the canvas as I had not seen him for thirty years. The inner secret of the features had been evidently caught. There was a likeness which no sculptor, no photographer, had yet equalled or approached. Afterwards, I knew not how, it seemed to fade away. Millais grew dissatisfied with his work, and, I believe, never completed it."—"Carlyle's Life in London," by J. A. Froude.

Collection of Augustin Rischgitz.

and Dr. Nicoll admit, respectively, a certain coarseness in passages, and a singular unbashfulness, which may amount to pretty much the same thing. The circumstances of Charlotte's home life while she was writing "Jane Eyre," and the autobiographical material worked into the texture of the novel, are excellently brought out by Dr. Nicoll, who also brings out in a very striking manner the essential fact that the core of Charlotte Brontë's imaginative work was not based upon the actual or autobiographical at all, but was sharply sundered from it. The keynote of her actual life was devotion to domestic duty—duty supported by strong natural affection, but still painful duty to father, brother ("the moral monster," Branwell), and to two ailing and consumptive sisters. The desolate home, holding memories at which she shuddered, was at once her idol and her prison. Now turn to her heroines. They have no ties to home and family. They are usually orphans, and theirs is the love, not of natural affection, but of romantic passion—theirs the desire of Aprile in "Paracelsus," "I would love infinitely and be loved." To those who are familiar with "Feverel" and with "Tess," something of the glamour may have faded from that scene in which Jane sat upon Rochester's knee and told him in burning words that she loved him "to the finest fibre of my being, sir." Yet this conception of romantic love was a fresh revelation to literature fifty-five years ago. Shelley may have had a similar conception of love as the master motive, but in him it was so etherealised that we can hardly grasp it. It is very probable that Charlotte Brontë may have derived some part of her conception from Miss Martineau's novel, "Deerbrook" (a favourite with the Brontë household); there are some striking parallelisms which Dr. Nicoll is, we believe, the first to point out.

We cannot claim to have read "Jane Eyre" through again in the present re-issue, though the excellent print is a strong enticement to do so. We read it again a few years back, however, and shared Mr. George Smith's experience of sitting up all night for the purpose. The immediate impression it left must be a common one, namely, that there is much that is crude and schoolgirlish about it; there are pages which are suggestive of nothing so much as the diary of a governess with a strictly narrow viewpoint and a cruelly suppressed spite. There are passages which hardly attain to the calibre of "The House on the Marsh." Yet how unmistakable is the power, how obviously is it a work of genius! And how lasting has been the impress which it made, from the first, at a time when the English novel was at its zenith. The explanation lies in the force of this new conception of love, of which so excellent an account is given here. Rochester, too, the Grand Turk who deigns to throw his handkerchief to the least of governesses, is (despite the soupçon of "Strapmore") a really great conception. Forçade's description of the English gentleman, thus depicted, as "a barbarian," would seem to anticipate the diagnosis of Matthew Arnold. It is, of course, quite true; and the same applies with equal force to the gentleman of France, of the old noblesse, as M. Paul Bourget has so clearly demonstrated in "Le Disciple" and elsewhere.

The irresistible temptation to chatter about Charlotte has left us but little space for "The Moores." It is a very characteristic fragment of a MS. written in later years and received from Charlotte's husband, the Rev. A. B. Nicholls; other un-

published fragments are promised in future volumes of this edition. The opening has a good deal in common with that of the despised "Professor." The types are regular Brontë types, and have little novelty about them—the aggressive Yorkshire manufacturer and employer, and a more sympathetic and intellectual brother who possesses an almost preternatural penetration in the discernment of character. The characters are presented with unusual brusqueness, yet with considerable power. It is a very brief fragment of some thirty pages. We could have wished for more—more of "The Moores" themselves, and more editorial comment about them.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

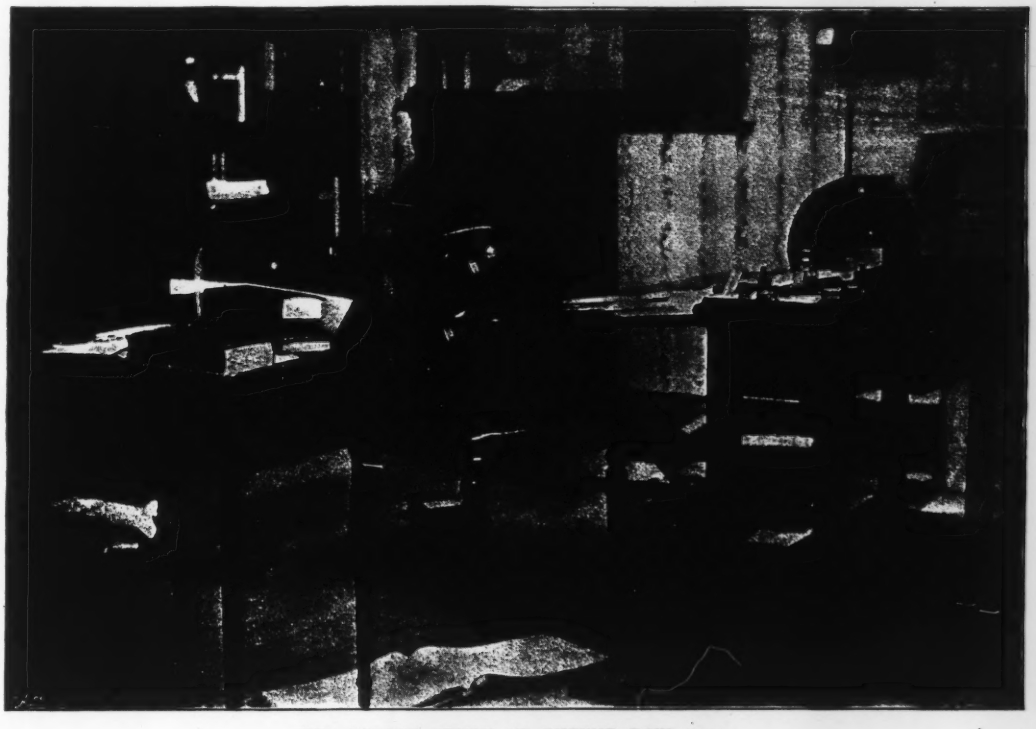
GERMAN ROMANTICISM.*

In criticising a critic—especially when his manner is forcible, his power of expression rare, and his knowledge at first hand, all which are qualities eminent in Dr. George Brandes—there is more to be gained by touching on his limitations, or defining a little closely his peculiar point of view, than by praising what everyone who reads him will admire. Dr. Brandes prides himself on the Danish gifts of lucidity, order, and artistic feeling. He has them in no common measure. This book, written nearly thirty years ago, is a work of art, moving with sure and even steps towards an aim kept steadily in sight. Glittering with famous names, it tells us much, and in admirable style, of the Schlegels, Tiecks, Schleiermachers, Arnims, Brentanos, Fouqués, and their paladins, to whom the world owes a seductive chapter in history and literature. We cannot affirm that any important statement here advanced is altogether groundless. Certainly we might ask why Uhland has been omitted, a singer of romantic songs perfect in their kind, as well as known far and wide beyond the bounds of Germany. Nor is it quite clear that Heine, who called himself "un romantique défroqué," should be left utterly out of the group on the border of which he stands, mocking his masters like the graceless renegade he was to every faith and school he had once embraced. Frederick Rückert, again, who taught Heine some of his most musical metres, cannot be thought a stranger to the minstrels of the distant and the past; did he not learn his Orientalism from A. W. Schlegel? But *transeat* all this. Something of more consequence remains.

A PORTRAIT OF CARLYLE, TAKEN IN 1879.
Collection of Augustin Ritschgitz.

Danish lucidity, perhaps akin to the "enlightenment" of Voltaire and Company, has led Dr. Brandes to take his position with M. Taine and Mr. Herbert Spencer, who resolve the Ego into states of consciousness and banish from life and thought as unknowable every object that religion once adored. The Romantic School, which felt, as we are feeling

* "The Romantic School in Germany." (Vol. II. of "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature.") From the Danish of George Brandes. 9s. net. (Heinemann.)



THE GARRET STUDY AT CHEYNE ROW (1857).
From a photograph by Robert Tait.

"Here, then, 'whired aloft by angry elements,' he took refuge with his work, and here he completed what Dr. Garnett has well named his 'thirteen years' war with Frederick.'

Near the fireplace, a little to the left, was the place of the famous writing-table on which so much of noble work had painful birth. . . . Hard by stood another little table on castors, which carried the books in immediate use (or such as were not on the floor!), while behind was the fourfold screen on which were pasted near a hundred old portrait prints, to which the maker of history always turned for insight and guidance in depicting his characters."

(Reproduced from Reginald Blunt's "The Carlyles' Chelsea Home," by kind permission of the author.)

now, that it could not live on such very dry remainder biscuit as Jacobin "reason," though seasoned with the daintiest persiflage, revolted against this famine of the soul, and was instantly upbraided as "reaction." Under such a sullen light does Dr. Brandes paint it for us. He quotes with approbation Arnold Rüge: "The Romanticist is a man who, aided by all the intellectual advantages of the day, assails the periods of enlightenment and revolution and combats humanitarian principles in science, art, morality, and politics." Behold one of those half-truths which, in effect, perform the task of fictions! At best, here is a negative definition of what the Romantics aimed at. Let us take three great masters, not Germans, who adorn this celebrated and still reigning movement—Scott, Chateaubriand, Carlyle. Is that sentence exhaustive of their merits? Should we not rather show in them the fire and the strength which, bursting Voltairean, mechanical bonds, sprang up towards the Infinite and sought the divine amid human weakness, the Eternal in time itself? Carlyle, almost in the words of Novalis which are quoted here, cries aloud in anguish against the "gloomy Golgotha and mill of death," to which a philosophy, afterwards echoed by Taine and his followers, had transformed the universe. What can Dr. Brandes reply? As though seduced by Schopenhauer, he builds his own life-theory upon suffering, and would then do his utmost to ameliorate that which he cannot cure; he is a "humanitarian," but no Christian, no theist, a votary of "Prometheus Unbound." That is why he hates and scorns the movement which he has undertaken to describe and all its heroes. But he is not quite fair to them. For instance:—When the Romantics, full as they were of faults and extravagances, came to perceive that the most poetical Jacobinism, though it were woven of sunbeams in Shelley's golden loom, would not fill up the void which it had opened between past and present, they turned their eyes in the direction of the Catholic Church, drawn by its beauty, mystery, grace, and power of life. Surely no mean solution was that of the great enigma; in its rich complexity of elements, in its positive rules of conduct, was it not infinitely preferable as an ordered cosmos to the chaos from which these shipwrecked souls had emerged? To Dr. Brandes no, it seems not; but he will hardly venture to maintain that his little canvas tent of a theory is large enough for the millions, or lofty enough for the immortals, who have taken refuge within the mighty shrines of Catholicism. Doubtless he has often reflected on the absence of satisfying ideals from the system of "enlightenment." And he knows why it was that all the instincts as well as all the aspirations of what he disdains as "the soul," rebelled against the "Utopia Limited" which his philosophy regards with satisfaction. But he always writes as if the Romantics were runaway slaves. Had they no right, then, to freedom?

THOMAS CARLYLE, 1865.

From a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, taken soon after Carlyle had completed his "History of Frederick the Great."

Their appeal was to the Unconscious, in all its forms, good and evil; hence their mingled yarn, which the moralist, not without labour, disentangles. Romance, ecstasy, miracles; the deep and the dark in human things; night, madness, love and crime; all these, in a quite intelligible outbreak from the commonplace, solicited and led them away—some to heights where holiness abode in its serene temples, others to insanity and suicide. Compare Novalis the saint with Heinrich von Kleist the self-murderer; nay, compare F. Schlegel, author of "Lucinde," with F. Schlegel, clothed and in his right mind, lecturing on the "Philosophy of Life." These two paths might well have been discriminated more than we find them, in a critical volume. Had such an attempt been made, it would have led on to the curious discovery that in Romanticism we must distinguish between a Decadence, every feature of which has been repeated in Paris during the last twenty years, and a Renaissance, German in race, Christian in spirit, not even now come to ripeness of age. Dr. Brandes cannot allow that the future may be with such a Renaissance. But is there any hope for the other system, which leaves out of its calculations the Great Unknown? What the Catholic Church, open to all men, to publicans and sinners even more than to Philistines, can do with Romantic ideas is to purge them of their wildness, to give them a path on which they may be realised without peril, to clothe in comely garments their outward forms. She need not, however, be held responsible for the uncouth or anarchic shapes in which they sprang up; and she abhors Decadence. As the great popular embodiment of art, as the historical organ of the Unconscious, it is not wonderful that she should have appeared to be the term sought after by the Romantic Movement from its beginning. Nevertheless, religion is more than art, and romance, though an exquisite ritual, calls for discipline, ascetic exercise, and a grace which is not of this world. Dr. Brandes would imprison it in a casket of iron; but the free spirit breaks through and flies off in flame and smoke. It is of no use to pursue it with anathemas; the mystic has always conquered the rationalist, and so much the better. For he saves in the interest of poetry, worship, and aspiration that sense of mystery without which we look neither before nor after, but, fixed on the immediate present, perish in a wilderness of our own making.

WILLIAM BARRY.

BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS.*

The fifth volume of Byron's poetical works in this standard edition may be compared to the crescent which, as Gibbon remarks, is equally the emblem of an increasing or a declining empire. It exhibits Byron at in some respects the greatest height he ever attained; it also comprehends the commencement and the progress of decline. Whether this indicated the irremediable exhaustion of his powers, or whether readers might not have proclaimed with the chorus of "Prometheus Unbound,"

> "'Tis but some passing spasm,
> The Titan is unvanquished still,"

is an interesting problem. Certain it is that the descent is great from "Sardanapalus," the drama with which this volume opens, to "The Deformed Transformed," the latest drama it comprises or he wrote. "Sardanapalus" is not only splendid poetry, but is the highest development of such power as Byron possessed of depicting character. The hero, of course, is and only could be Byron himself; but in Myrrha he has done as much as lay in mortal power to idealise Countess Guiccioli, and Salemenes is a noble piece of veracious and attractive painting. "The Two Foscari" might have been held to indicate decline, if it had not been immediately succeeded by two of Byron's most sublime compositions. Of the grandeur of "Cain" it is needless to speak; but "Heaven and Earth" appears to us in general underrated, perhaps because, like Poussin's picture of the Deluge, to which it has been aptly compared, its power does not so much consist in particular passages as in the pervading atmosphere of lurid terror.

In "Werner" decline undoubtedly sets in, the more mortify-

* "The Works of Lord Byron." A new, revised, and enlarged edition, with illustrations. Poetry. Vol. V. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A. 6s. (London: Murray.)

ing because, as the Swiss innkeeper in "Little Dorrit" has it, "there is no why." The subject is highly dramatic, and as Mr. Coleridge shows in rebutting the preposterous notion that the play was written by the Duchess of Devonshire, few of Byron's works are more characteristic of his mind and manner. The fact remains that much of "Werner" is not poetry, but prose versified, and shockingly ill versified. Byron's cadences, when he writes blank verse, seldom challenge admiration as verbal music, but elsewhere are at least passable; in much of "Werner" there is no cadence whatever. Although, however, the poetical faculty is generally in abeyance throughout "Werner," the mental energy is unimpaired, and what the play lost in the closet it regained on the stage. But Byron's next production, "The Deformed Transformed," is mediocre in mind as well as in metre. It seems to us, however, that this may be accounted for without admitting any serious diminution of poetical power. The cause of the failure is, we think, the not unfrequent mistake of endeavouring to rear a lofty superstructure upon a narrow basis. Brooding continually upon his lameness, which he exaggerated into deformity, Byron was so captivated by the idea of the hunchback Arnold obtaining a new body by the help of the fiend as to seek to make a drama out of what might have made a ballad, and the discovery of its inadequacy destroyed his interest in his work. From his own personal point of view, the drama actually had become ineffective. Arnold, after his metamorphosis, has little to do, and the Byron impersonated by him must play second fiddle to his Mephistophiles.

"The Age of Bronze" and "The Island" were also in their time considered symptoms of decadence, and in some respects were so, but may have been in a measure symptomatic of new life also. Mr. Coleridge admirably remarks respecting them: "The poetic *faculty* is somewhat exhausted, but the poetic *vision* has been purged and heightened by suffering and self-knowledge." "The Age of Bronze" belongs to a class of composition even then becoming antiquated, but the best passages in "The Island" show that Byron's descriptive power was unimpaired. Respecting the sources of "The Island" there is a curious question which has not, so far as we are aware, been hitherto raised. At the end of Hone's "Political Showman," 1821, is an advertisement of "The Ocean Cavern. A Tale of the Tonga Isles. In three cantos. The interesting story selected as the groundwork of the poem is in Mariner's Account of the Customs and Manners of the Inhabitants of the Tonga Islands." Byron, then, was not the only person to have discovered the elements of a poem in the story related by Mariner. Had he seen Hone's publication? There is no necessity for the supposition, the materials afforded by Mariner and Bligh being amply sufficient for his purpose, but he may have done. The point cannot be determined so long as "The Ocean Cavern" remains as closely hidden from mortal ken as ever were Torquil and Neuha. We may also point to Plutarch's account of the concealment of Crassus in his youth as a remarkable parallel to Mariner's story, but it is hardly likely that Byron was acquainted with it.

Mr. Coleridge's prefaces and notes display the sanity and relevancy to which we are accustomed from him, and leave hardly anything to be desired. He ought, perhaps, to have pointed out that the picturesque passages he quotes from Mariner are not the composition of Mariner himself, but of Dr. John Martin, the meteorologist, who put Mariner's artless narrative into literary English. Mariner had had little education, and eventually became a stockbroker, a calling unloved of the Muses. Some minor misprints, especially in French words, will no doubt receive correction. The only errors worth mentioning appear to us to have been committed in what is usually so strong a point in this edition, the illustration of the volume. It is surely a mistake to represent the effeminate Sardanapalus, besieged in his capital, by a sculpture representing Assurbanipal careering in pursuit of his flying enemies, especially as we are rightly informed in the text that Assurbanipal is *not* to be identified with Sardanapalus. A reproduction of Mr. Madox Brown's fine picture would have given a worthy representation of Sardanapalus and of Myrrha also. The insertion of a portrait of Goethe is commendable, but the description of this as "from a drawing by Maclise" is incorrect if it be meant to imply that Maclise sketched Goethe from the life. The portrait certainly appears among Maclise's delineations of literary characters in "Fraser's Magazine," but is from a copy, no doubt by Maclise, of a drawing by Stieler, the Munich painter of King Ludwig of Bavaria's gallery of beauties. There are highly successful reproductions of the portrait of Byron by W. E. West, and of Rothwell's portrait of Mrs. Shelley. RICHARD GARNETT.

THOMAS CARLYLE, ÆT. 73.

From the painting by G. F. Watts, R. A., now in the National Portrait Gallery.

Photo by Frederick Hollyer.

This portrait was executed for John Forster, who was very pleased with it. Carlyle, however, describes it as "a delirious-looking mountebank full of violence, awkwardness, atrocity, and stupidity, without recognisable likeness to anything I have ever known in any feature of me. *Fuit in fatis.* What care I, after all? Forster is much content."

LITTLE MEMOIRS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

The very modesty of the guarded announcement in the author's Preface that the subjects of this book "of late years, at any rate, have not been overwhelmed by the attentions of

* "Little Memoirs of the Nineteenth Century." By George Paston. 10s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

THE SOUND-PROOF STUDY AT CHEYNE ROW IN 1900, SHOWING THE DOUBLE WALLS.

"At length, after deep deliberation, I have fairly decided to have a top story put upon the house, one big apartment, twenty feet square, with thin *double* walls, light from the top, etc., and artfully ventilated, into which no sound *can* come; and all the cocks in nature may crow round it, without my hearing a whisper of them!"—Letter from Carlyle, Aug., 1853.

(Reproduced from Reginald Blunt's "Historical Handbook to Chelsea," by kind permission of the author.)

the minor biographer," is, perhaps, not altogether calculated to encourage the general reader. But those who are bold enough to explore the lower levels which under this sort of inverted deluge are the last to be submerged, histories such as those of Prince Pückler-Muskau and Lady "Glorvina" Morgan, will find in these six short biographies plenty of entertainment, and a good deal of incidental light upon manners and persons of various distinction in the early years of the last century, presented in a direct and compendious way, and with a commendable sense of proportion and scale.

In the life of R. B. Haydon, the painter's appalling megalomania is emphasised, at some cost, perhaps, to the keeping of the whole. It would have been a relief to have rather less of the dreadful "Journal" and more of the fine literary judgments such as those given here on Keats and Byron. The study of Lady Morgan is vivacious, and never loses a sense of the true oblique Irish humour; but both it and the account of N. P. Willis that follows suffer inevitably from the slightness of their subjects' character. In the latter of the two, the author most fully carries out the intention expressed in the preface of illustrating the literary and artistic life of the first half of the nineteenth century; and the American journalist is made to introduce a good many names more durable than his own; but the celebrities he shows us—D'Orsay, the Disraelis, the Lambs, Moore, Rogers—all seem touched with something of the pretentious futility of the man, and leave us satisfied with the justice of Thackeray's sneer.

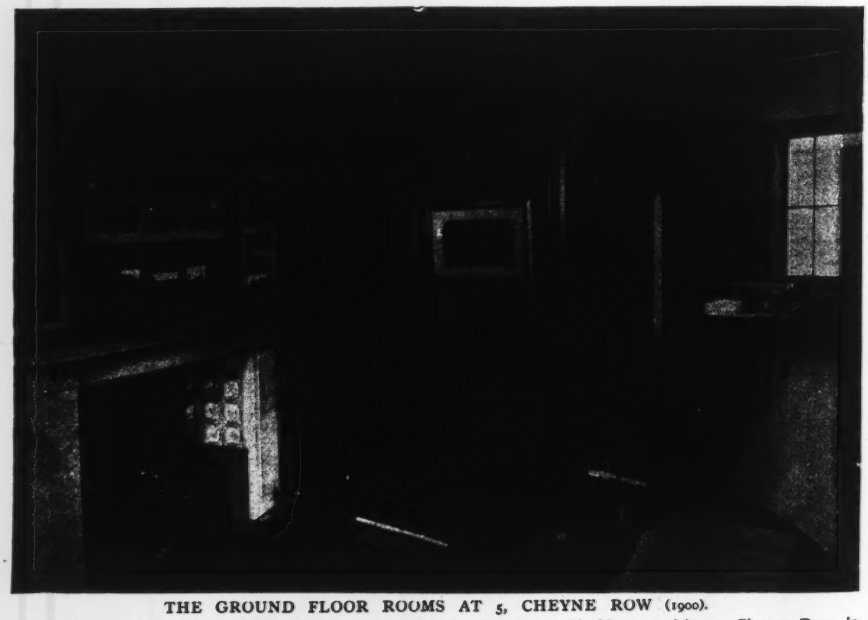
The impressions of Prince Pückler-Muskau, who was in England in 1826, give us less of a foreign critic on national life at an interesting period, than of an eccentric "universal genius" with an amazing conceit of himself. The story of the collaboration of William and Mary Howitt, the curious cross-purposes of their interests, Quaker, journalist, Radical, and Pre-Raphaelite, is, on the whole, the most interesting in the volume. There is less anecdote in the book than might have been expected, but we are glad to meet with the account—surely no richer incongruity exists—of Mary Howitt "clapping" her Quaker clear-starching to the rhythm of "Lalla Rookh," and to find again Haydon's report of what Wordsworth said to the Cupid and Psyche at Christie's.

G. FORRESTER SCOTT.

WHAT IS LITERATURE?*

Let us, in the first place, bid a hearty welcome and wish the widest possible circulation to Mr. Machen's brilliant and extremely interesting contribution to a subject of enduring importance. Its main assertion is, we believe, built upon an error; but it is so beneficent an error for our day, that we almost wish the whole reading world of to-day would embrace it. The statement of the error gives occasion for an illuminating survey of literature, and forces us by the contagion of its own vigour and audacity to the reconsideration and readjustment of our own literary standards and judgments. It is a thought-compelling little book; there is pugnacity in it; but it is a good fight Mr. Machen fights for the best that has come out of the mind and soul of man, though in his hot career he knocks down better things than merely popular idols.

* "Hieroglyphics." By Arthur Machen. 5s. net. (Richards.)



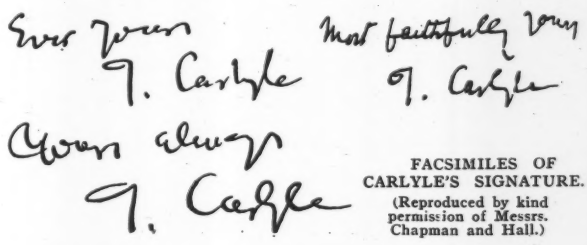
THE GROUND FLOOR ROOMS AT 5, CHEYNE ROW (1900).

It was into this room that Edward Irving was ushered when he paid his one visit to Cheyne Row, in autumn 1834. "He complimented her (as he well might) on the pretty little room she had made for her husband and self, and running his eye over her dainty bits of arrangements, ornamentations, all so frugal, simple, full of grace, propriety, and ingenuity as they ever were, aid, smiling, 'You are like an Eve, and make a little paradise wherever you are.'"—"Reminiscences."

(Reproduced from Reginald Blunt's Historical Handbook to Chelsea," by kind permission of the author.)

XUM

The book purports to be bits from the conversations of a North London literary hermit, which turned largely on the question, What is fine literature? By what sign do we know it? The sage of Barnsbury has his answer clear—*Ecstasy*. "If ecstasy be present, then I say there is fine literature; if it be absent,



FACSIMILES OF CARLYLE'S SIGNATURE.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

then, in spite of all the cleverness, all the talents, all the workmanship and observation and dexterity you may show me, then, I think, we have a product (possibly a very interesting one), which is not fine literature . . . . Substitute, if you like, rapture, beauty, adoration, wonder, awe, mystery, sense of the unknown, desire for the unknown . . . . In every case there will be that withdrawal from the common life and the common consciousness which justifies my choice of 'ecstasy.'" Now here, of course, Mr. Machen points to a tremendous distinction between one kind of literature and another. He separates Aeschylus from Molière as clearly as can be. All the work of the great imaginatives (in the poetical sense) is cut off sharply from that of the great observers of the world as it is. But the sage is nothing if not thoroughgoing. He will have it that the latter, no matter how true, how skilfully and potently expressed, is not fine literature at all. It is merely invention, not creation. It does not exhibit art, but only artifice. At the best it is only glorified pamphleteering. In the domain of real literature it has no case. "I suppose that there are only two parties in the world: the Rationalists and the Mystics, and one's vote on literature goes with one's party. One might leave the matter there, and amiably agree to differ with the other side, but I, personally, have the ferocity to insist, that my side, the mystical, is wholly right, and the other, the rationalist, wholly wrong." Wherever there is the expression of aloofness from the common consciousness—whether it appear as a lyric of Shelley or the grotesque humours of "Pickwick"—there alone is fine literature. So it works out on Mr. Machen's slate that the "Odyssey," Keats and "Pickwick," "Don Quixote," and Mr. Hardy's "Two on a Tower," and Miss Mary Wilkins's stories are the real thing, and the work of Thackeray and Fielding and Miss Austen and the whole of French literature are only interesting reading matter. A curious result, which would exclude Molière and Montaigne and admit, say—Mr. Benjamin Swift!

Of course, it is all wrong, and amounts only to this, that Mr. Machen is in the mood to prefer the spiritual, the mystic, the greatly poetical. But literature and fine literature is not only the ideal revelation of the ideal man in ideal earthly adventures or in starward ecstasies; it is the expression of the whole man plodding or soaring. All humanity is its theme, humanity in its playground, its workshop, its solitary cell. But this denunciation of those he calls "rationalists"—and Fielding and Thackeray are labelled so among excellent company—is very comprehensible. It is only one more protest against the bumptious science which lately invaded literature and insolently dictated to it; and Mr. Machen, in his fanatical mood, lumps the great wise observers with the photographic reporters of "facts," and will not admit that high creative imagination consents to work with the material for prose. His is a generous error, a beneficent and a timely one—aimed at the smashing of that trumpery idol of the hour, "the actual." It is a manifesto of the real as opposed to the "actual."

The book will rouse sympathy or antipathy not only with regard to its main contention, but in the treatment of its illustrations as well. But agreement with his central assertion is not needed for an appreciation of the admirable criticism of "Jekyll and Hyde," nor does disagreement with it drive us to the protest against the quite gratuitous and undescriptive abuse of George Eliot. "Hieroglyphics" is not a temperate, nicely-balanced treatise. Ostensibly an examination of the essentials of literature, it is really a hot-headed manifesto. Its heat is justified. The strife is a real one; and if Mr. Machen were to convert even half the reading world, how many modern reputations would crumble into dust, and we be all the better for it!

A. MACDONELL.

SOME BOOKS FOR THE SPRINGTIME.*

The season of sunshine and showers, bird-song and flowers has arrived, and with it a sheaf of books produced by patient observers of the ways of Nature's wild children.

In "Birds and Man" some idea may be gathered of the wonderful memory of Mr. W. H. Hudson, the author of "The Naturalist in La Plata," for what he sees and hears when it is stated that after a lapse of twenty-six years he can mentally see 215 South American birds as distinctly as he can call to mind any common species living in this country, and, what is stranger still, distinctly remembers the cries, call notes, and songs of no less than 154 of them. Such superb qualifications must be a priceless possession to any man, and when they are given to an author who can wield his pen so charmingly that he can make even a dull reader see the dewdrops twinkling on the grass, and hear the music of spring winds amongst forest tree-tops, it goes without saying that "Birds and Man" is a fascinating book. It does not matter whether Mr. Hudson writes of ravens or wrens, geese or flowers, he is interesting, and we are genuinely sorry to find him taking such a despondent view of the morals of paid bird-watchers. Poverty, happily for mankind, does not undermine everybody's honesty, and as we also have had some experience of paid bird-watchers, and have never once been offered eggs they were paid to preserve, we cannot agree with our author's too sweeping conclusions on this point.

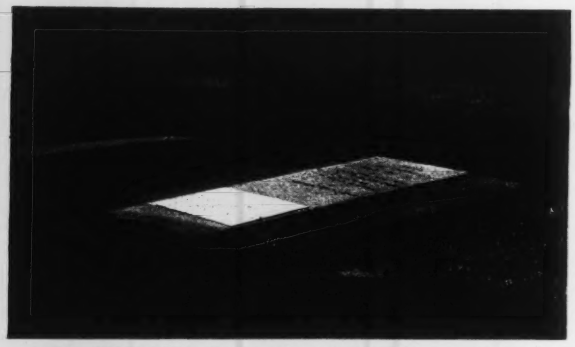
Mr. Robinson is a keen field naturalist, and has written a book crammed full of interesting observations on the wild life of our fields under all the varying circumstances that are crowded into the existence of birds, beasts, reptiles, insects, and flowers from January 1st to December 31st. The work is divided into months and the observations into headed paragraphs, and the following quotation from one on the circles of vision will give a good idea of our author's keen insight and style: "Unlike us, a bird appears to see that best which is visible to only one eye, for he usually cocks his head to one side in order to examine an object in front of him. In birds of prey, however, especially owls, the eyes are set forward, as though the exigencies of pursuit require that they should see best straight ahead; and, indeed, it would greatly hamper a hawk in his stoop if he had to cock his

THOMAS CARLYLE.
From a portrait which was in the possession of R. W. Emerson.

"Here have I the exact sculpture, the form of the head, the rooting of the hair, thickness of the lips, the man that God made. . . . And here the organism of the eye full of England, the valid eye, in whch I see the strong executive talent which has made his thought available to the nations whilst others as intellectual as he are pale and powerless."—"Emerson's Diary," May 23rd, 1846.

(Reproduced from "Letters of Thomas Carlyle to his Youngest Sister," by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

* "Birds and Man." By W. H. Hudson. 6s. net. (Longmans.)
"To-day with Nature." By E. Kay Robinson. 6s. (Grant Richards.)
"The Autobiography of a Poacher." Edited by Caractacus. (Macqueen.)
"The Country Month by Month." By J. A. Owen and G. S. Boulger. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)
"The Mighty Deep, and What We Know of It." By Agnes Giberne. 5s. (Pearson.)
"Birds' Nests." An Introduction to the Science of Caliology. By Charles Dixon. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)
"Among the Pond People." By Clara Dillingham Pierson. 5s. (John Murray.)



MRS. CARLYLE'S GRAVE IN HADDINGTON CHURCH.

Mrs. Carlyle died on April 21st, 1866.

"I laid her in the grave of her father, according to covenant of forty years back, and all was ended. In the nave of old Abbey Kirk, long a ruin, now being saved from further decay, with the skies looking down on her, there sleeps my little Jeannie, and the light of her face will never shine on me more."—"Reminiscences."

From a photograph by J. F. Gordon, Haddington.

CARLYLE'S GRAVE.

Thomas Carlyle died at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, on the 5th of February, 1881, and was buried in the churchyard at Ecclefechan.

"No monument is needed for one who has made an eternal memorial for himself in the hearts of all to whom truth is the dearest of possessions."—"Carlyle's Life in London," by J. A. Froude.

From a photograph by G. G. Napier, M.A.

head to one side to get the best view of his quarry." There seems to us a slight note of discord between the lines,

> "Not a bird, not a plant, not the least little brother,
> But you know it and love it, etc., etc.,"

to our author at the beginning of the book and his own attitude towards the poor greenfinch and its nest on p. 96.

"The Autobiography of a Poacher," edited by Caractacus, although not strictly speaking a spring book, is certainly a "human document" of the most astonishing kind. Holcombe, the would-be hero of this strange string of confessions, lays his soul bare with what cannot be otherwise described than a vengeance of brutal frankness, and we fear his strange attitude of mind will shock most moralists, and leave them with little wonder that a man with such a record should attempt to end his career by suicide.

As "The Country Month by Month," by J. A. Owen and G. S. Boulger, was first published in 1894, there is not much need to say anything about the work of the first two writers; but it is impossible to withhold one's warm admiration of the sane, practical, and well-informed notes of the late Lord Lilford which are added to this handsome re-issue. One feels whilst reading the book how much better, however, it would have been for the reader's time and Mrs. Owen's credit if his lordship's corrections had been made in her text, instead of at the end of each chapter or month's record.

"The Mighty Deep, and What We Know of It," by Agnes Giberne, is a popular and very attractive account of the ocean in all its moods, and some of the most interesting monsters and oddities it contains. The facts have been culled with care and discrimination from reliable sources, and are presented in such a way as to be entertaining to all who love the sea and its breezes.

We heartily agree with Mr. Dixon when he says in his new work on Birds' Nests that "a bird's nest is the most graphic mirror of a bird's mind," and also "The faculties a bird brings into play in nest-building are probably *imitation*, to which we would assign the most important part, whilst the next most important faculty of the mind is *memory*, reason, and hereditary habit playing the minor parts." This work is not only excellent, but suggestive reading, and the ornithologist who is on the look out for a new field in which to labour cannot do better than devote his time to finding out whether the male or the female builds the nest, or whether, as in the case of the house sparrow, each sex does its share; how long it takes to make a nest; how soon it is used after completed; and a hundred other interesting facts. We have tried the experiment of treating and preserving birds' nests, but unless the student has a good deal of house room at his command, we fear it is not a pastime to be commended.

"Among the Pond People," by Clara Dillingham Pierson, consists of a number of brightly-written short stories about the lives of snapping turtles, crayfish, eels, sticklebacks, and other denizens of American ponds. The Americanisms throughout the work come somewhat as a shock to the English reader. The stories have, according to the author, "slid out of her pen on to paper"; "the snapping turtle dove to the bottom of the pond, and acted quite proud of what was really dreadful rudeness"; things "lie round," and "just had to"; are "glad they happened along," and so forth, with irritating frequence.

RICHARD KEARTON.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

From a terra-cotta bust in the National Portrait Gallery, by Sir J. E. Boehm, R.A.

(Reproduced from "Past and Present," by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.)

THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BIBLICA.*

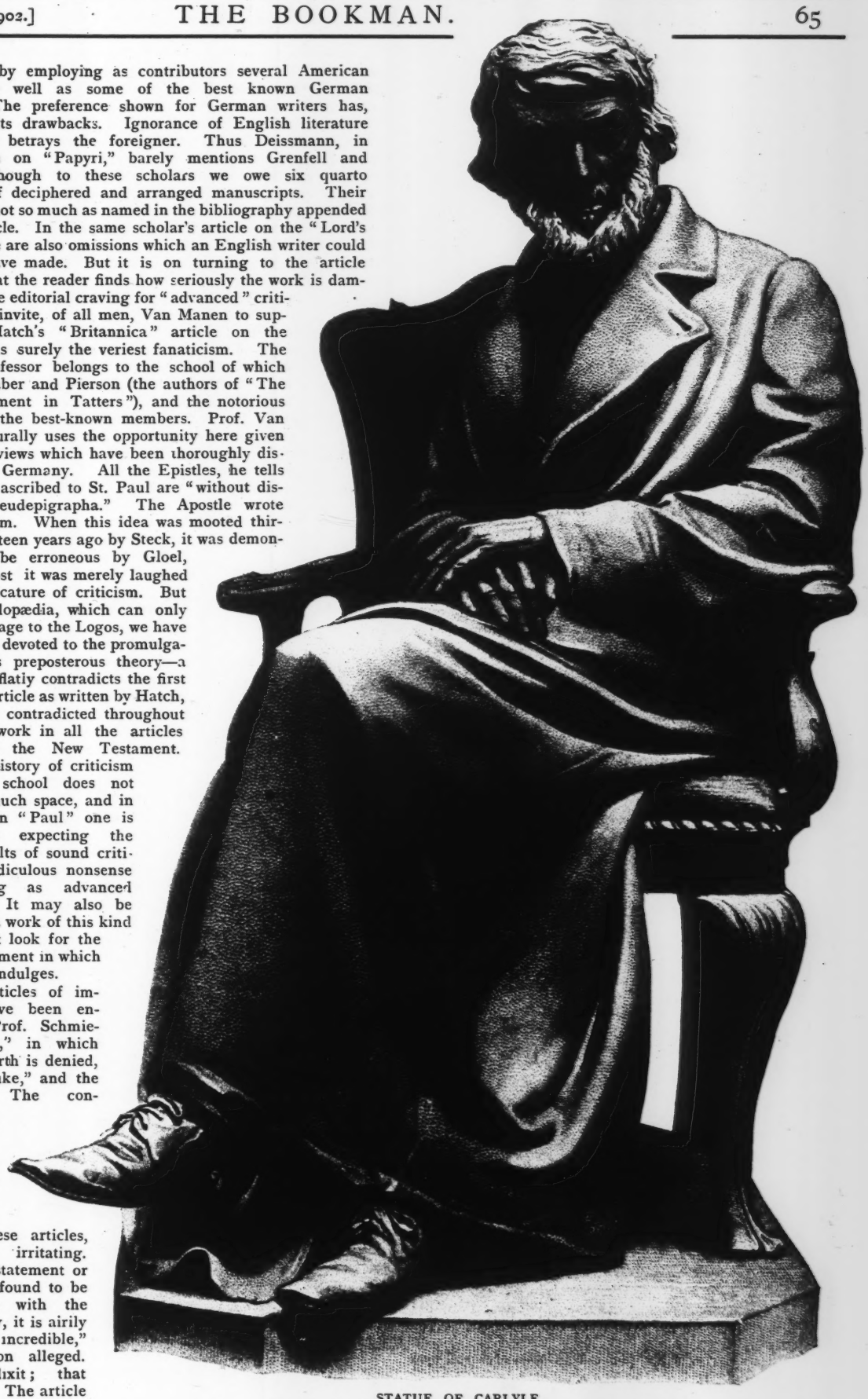
On the appearance of the third and penultimate volume of this great work it is due to editors, printers, publishers, and contributors that ample and admiring acknowledgment should be made of the scholarship, industry, and skill which have gone to its production. In form it is perfect; the page being a pleasure to look at, the various styles of type used significant, and the misprints remarkably few. We are glad to observe that an issue of the whole work in sixteen consecutive monthly parts will be commenced immediately; while a very desirable edition on thin paper is also promised, so that some happy mortals may have the entire Encyclopædia in one not unhandy volume.

The third volume follows in the wake of its predecessors, and exhibits similar excellencies and defects. The predominance allowed to Old Testament articles is scarcely so pronounced, although it is disappointing to find that Jülicher, in treating the Logos, has been restricted to two columns. An international appearance is lent to

* "Encyclopædia Biblica: A Critical Dictionary of the Literary, Political, and Religious History, the Archæology, Geography, and Natural History of the Bible." Edited by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.Lit., D.D., and J. Sutherland Black, M.A., LL.D. Volume III. L to P. 20s. net. (Adam and Charles Black.)

the work by employing as contributors several American writers as well as some of the best known German critics. The preference shown for German writers has, however, its drawbacks. Ignorance of English literature frequently betrays the foreigner. Thus Deissmann, in his article on "Papyri," barely mentions Grenfell and Hunt, although to these scholars we owe six quarto volumes of deciphered and arranged manuscripts. Their books are not so much as named in the bibliography appended to the article. In the same scholar's article on the "Lord's Day" there are also omissions which an English writer could scarcely have made. But it is on turning to the article "Paul" that the reader finds how seriously the work is damaged by the editorial craving for "advanced" criticism. To invite, of all men, Van Manen to supplement Hatch's "Britannica" article on the Apostle was surely the veriest fanaticism. The Leyden professor belongs to the school of which Loman, Naber and Pierson (the authors of "The New Testament in Tatters"), and the notorious Steck, are the best-known members. Prof. Van Manen naturally uses the opportunity here given him to air views which have been thoroughly discredited in Germany. All the Epistles, he tells us, usually ascribed to St. Paul are "without distinction, pseudepigrapha." The Apostle wrote none of them. When this idea was mooted thirteen or fourteen years ago by Steck, it was demonstrated to be erroneous by Gloel, while by most it was merely laughed at as a caricature of criticism. But in this cyclopædia, which can only afford one page to the Logos, we have many pages devoted to the promulgation of this preposterous theory—a theory that flatly contradicts the first part of the article as written by Hatch, and that is contradicted throughout the whole work in all the articles bearing on the New Testament. Even in a history of criticism the Dutch school does not deserve so much space, and in an article on "Paul" one is justified in expecting the genuine results of sound criticism, not ridiculous nonsense masquerading as advanced scholarship. It may also be said that in a work of this kind one does not look for the self-advertisement in which Van Manen indulges.

Several articles of importance have been entrusted to Prof. Schmiedel; "Mary," in which the Virgin-birth is denied, "Mark," "Luke," and the "Ministry." The continual minimising of the trustworthiness of the sources, which characterises these articles, becomes irritating. Wherever a statement or a saying is found to be irreconcilable with the writer's theory, it is airily labelled "incredible," without reason alleged. Schmiedel dixit; that must satisfy. The article "Ministry" is a well-arranged and well-digested sketch of the rise of the Church and its

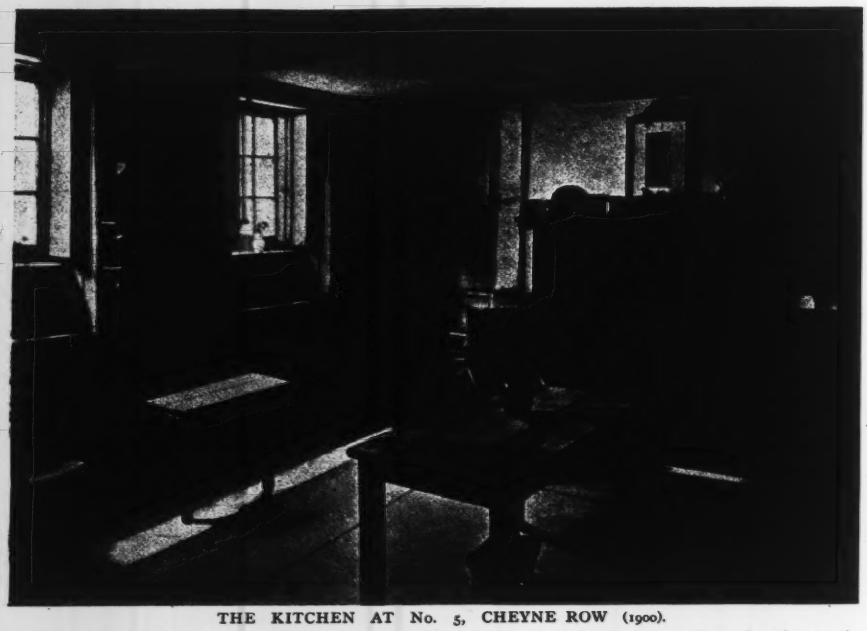


STATUE OF CARLYLE.

By Sir J. E. Boehm, R.A. In the Gardens on the Chelsea Embankment.

"Mr. Boehm had made a seated statue of him, as satisfactory a likeness in face and figure as could be rendered in sculpture; and the warm regard which had grown up between the artist and himself had enabled Mr. Boehm to catch with more than common success the shifting changes of his expression."—"Carlyle's Life in London," by J. A. Froude.

Collection of Augustin Rischgits.



THE KITCHEN AT No. 5, CHEYNE ROW (1900).

"It was not, indeed, quite an ideal place of service; somewhat dark in winter, stone-flagged, and apt to be damp, the outer area not having been (till recently) sunk below the level of the windows. The old open kitchener, with its broad bars, its kettle-crane, and its 'movable niggards' or screw adjustment for the fire space, makes one regret the victorious incursion of close ranges; while the disconnected pump recalls the days when the best of water might safely be drawn from the Chelsea gravel."

(Reproduced from Reginald Blunt's "Historical Handbook to Chelsea," by kind permission of the author.)

offices, with acute and instructive criticisms of the theories of Hatch and Harnack. Several of the statements made in the article will be questioned, and some will be pronounced unwarranted. The relegation of the Ignatian Epistles to the eighth decade of the second century will provoke many to contradiction and renewed inquiry. But the article as a whole is a helpful study. The exact scholarship, the fulness of knowledge, and the severely critical method of the whole Encyclopædia appear most markedly in some of the six-line articles on places or persons or animals. Certainly it is a work which gives one the best conception of the wide range of Biblical scholarship and of the scientific character of its methods.

MARCUS DODS.

Novel Notes.

SCARLET AND HYSSOP. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Benson here plays the part of social satirist. He whips the manners and fashions of the smart set, not exactly with scorpions, but severely enough, and, we believe, in all sincerity of indignation. Through the mouth of his heroine, Lady Alston, he calls them vulgar, and he shows convincingly that their vulgarity does not even purchase enjoyment. "'Ah! my dear, we are lepers,' says one open-eyed old sinner. 'We are all wrong and bad, and we roll over each other in the gutter like these Arabs scrambling for backshish. We strive for one thing, which is wealth, and when we have got it, we spend it on pleasure . . . and the odd thing is that the pleasure we get does not please us. It is always something else we want. I sit and I say, "What news?" and when I am told, I say, "What else?" and still "What else?" and I am not satisfied.'" That is one of the mildest arraignments; Mr. Benson's favourite term of reproach for the vulgar woman of society, "a cook," is a slander on a highly respectable class, but at least he means to indicate unspeakable depths of stupidity and hopeless moral and mental obtuseness. It is some satisfaction to note also that, as none of the satirised are made to appear charming, their originals in real life are left with little consolation. A more brilliant exhibition of their weak wickedness might have tickled them; Mr. Benson's can hardly fail to annoy. So far good. But he has not chosen the most effective way of reform. To ignore entirely the stupid whirl after money and senseless pleasure is perhaps too slow, too doubtfully efficacious a method of showing contempt; but, at least, some stalwarts might have been introduced into the story, uninfected by the general corruption and untempted by what the "smart set" have to offer. Of course, there is Jim; but he is a shadow; and there is Lady Alston, but she is an abstraction, or little more than a mouthpiece for Mr. Benson's tirades of reproach. Contrast is wanted in the book—a picture of the other people. These need not have been saints, they might have filled their place admirably with a moderate amount of virtue, provided they were endowed with active brains, and were minded to demand from life some of its realities.

LUDUS AMORIS. By Benjamin Swift. 6s. (Wellby.)

If this crazy harlequinade—where chimney sweeps, poets, thieves, misers, benevolent peers, desperate scientists, impossible French flower girls, and gentleman grooms disport themselves, quite untrammelled by the laws of human nature or such demands as coherence and good taste—if it were content to be mere irresponsible comedy it might win forgiveness if not tolerance. But into the wild farcical medley is wantonly introduced a tragedy of a peculiarly painful kind, where physical torture plays a cruel part, a tragedy that not only never lightens, but which is treated without an atom of dignity, and which rushes headlong down from its proper plane into the merely horrible. The book is so wanting in all the qualities which till now have redeemed the extravagances of Mr. Swift's stories that it would be absurd to take serious notice of it, were it not for the flagrant breach of taste in the treatment of the Prideaux and Ethel Peyton incidents, which must surely call out a protest from the most careless reader.

I CROWN THEE KING. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Methuen.)

There are certain novels that will not and were not made to stand the test of any serious criticism, yet if you will come to them with no desire to be critical, but merely to enjoy unreservedly whatever is to be enjoyed in them, you may find them more entertaining and more satisfying than many that are carefully and artistically finished. Of such is this latest novel of Mr. Pemberton. If you are going to boggle at trifling improbabilities and historical perversions you will mar your own pleasure in it all, but if you just let the story take you by the hand, as it were, and lead you as it will, it is a most breezy, brisk, and wholly delightful romance. Roy the Outlaw is a lordly reincarnation of Robin Hood, and he plays the part with a generosity and jovial daring that are worthy of Robin himself. By personating the lover she has never seen, he woos and wins the lovely Lady of Ollerton, and afterwards blithely and gallantly baffles all his laggard rival's efforts at vengeance. Outlawed as he is, and with a price upon his head, there seems little promise of long happiness for him or for the lady who gave up all she had to share the wild life he is living, and by what dash and daring he wins for her and himself both happiness and honour is for the story to unravel. It is a vigorous, well-imagined story, and eminently readable.

THE DECOY. By Francis Dana. 6s. (Lane.)

This is a very deftly written novel of the kind that is to be read for amusement only. It deals principally with the fraudulent side of spiritualism. Jeremiah T. Scales is a clever rascal who carries on business as a bogus medium on a small New England island. A few devoted followers visit him frequently from the mainland, but he feels he could draw many more by the aid of a pretty assistant. Ellen Rowan is a beautiful girl, thinking nothing of her beauty and everything of her intellectual acquirements, and convinced that

XUM

she has a mission in life, though she is not quite clear about its character. She comes under the influence of Scales, is easily flattered to a belief in her occult powers, and develops into a marvellous trance-medium, and to the dismay and despair of her friends takes up residence on the island as Scales' coadjutor. Roger Bowman, the honest farmer who has loved her for years, and the more genteel Brice, whose love is a recent growth, plead with her vainly; nothing will induce her to abandon her "work"; so they combine to rescue her in spite of herself. Brice discovers that she is kept under hypnotic subjection, and it is Roger who finds a way of breaking the spell. She marries the better man of the two, yet the one that is left is not at all disappointed. To learn why he is not, overhaul the book for yourself, and in the language of Captain Cuttle, "when found make a note of."

WILL O' THE WISP. By John Garrett Leigh. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

This amiable tale of Lancashire life five-and-twenty years ago hovers disappointingly between the region of good fiction and that of the Sunday-school prize-book. That the latter does not altogether claim it is to its credit, if against its success. The writer has so large a charity that he might permit himself to look human nature more straightly in the face. Yet the simple folks, if superficially studied, are at least studied from life, and with a kindly eye. It is the more sophisticated characters, like Brotherton and the heroine, that show the want of grip, and make all the fine things Mr. Leigh says about their interesting traits and complicated natures quite unavailing.

MAN, WOMAN, AND FATE. By Iza Duffus Hardy. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

Here is a story with a sensational plot of a kind novel readers do not easily tire of. The impersonation of a lost relative suggests endless intrigues and complications, and Miss Duffus Hardy disappoints us in no way in her provision of incident. Only, we miss in her villain, even to some degree in her villainess, the magnificent dash we associate with adventurers of their kind. They give us the disappointing impression that if their plot had completely succeeded, they would have become as respectable as the respectable family whom for a time they deluded.

A BOOK OF STORIES. By G. S. Street. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. Street knows his world well, and writes of it in a way it will certainly pronounce agreeable. Much of his earlier brilliancy, with many earlier affectations, have vanished, and what remains is commonsensible in matter, skilfully neat in manner, almost obtrusively commonplace in tone, and eminently readable. The stories concern themselves for the most part with the easy-mannered prosperous world that doesn't think very much, and about which, presumably, Mr. Street is of opinion much thinking would be out of place. This, with the complete absence of fine writing, gives the book a distinct and happy place among those designed for light entertainment. Only in one tale do we miss a profounder study of character. In "Two Sorts of Life" Mr. Street merely presents the Davis set and the Brook set as contrasts one to the other—the respectable, orderly, English country house family as against the vulgar Bohemians whom the foolish hero consorts with in London restaurants. The Brook set is the more prudent to marry into, certainly, but for lack of more careful analysis or deeper sympathy, the writer leaves us with the impression that both are eminently unattractive, unconvinced of the charm of the one and the amusing qualities of the other. For this particular situation Mr. Street's pleasantly superficial style is not the best imaginable.

MICHAEL FERRIER. By E. Frances Poynter. 6s. (Macmillan.)

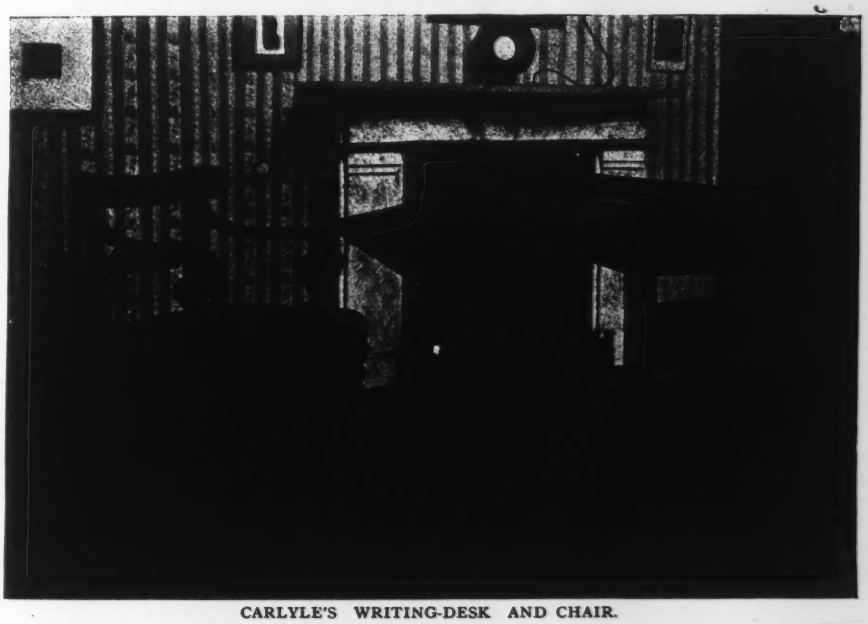
Michael Ferrier's biography might have been left unwritten. Physically weak, low-spirited, and unhappily circumstanced, he might have passed as a somewhat pathetic minor character, but to thrust him into a hero's place, on the strength of his having written a volume of poems, fallen in love, and in a fit of hysteria been guilty of manslaughter, was a mistake. The inevitable failure of his life is written in plain characters in the first two or three pages; and there is no other personage of sufficient vitality to put the lights up in Miss Poynter's careful, conscientious, grey-toned story.

MONSIEUR MARTIN: A Romance of the Great Swedish War. By Wymond Carey. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Another story of the young English adventurer who becomes entangled in a meshwork of intrigue, political and personal, in foreign Courts. There is fresh incident on every page, plot and counter-plot, and the fair lady Ebba to do battle for and to win. The scene opens at Polenstjerna Castle, in Sweden, and closes there; but between the first page and the last it shifts with startling rapidity between Dresden and Warsaw and back again. A stirring romance, indeed, in the time when Charles XII. of Sweden was young, in which love, diplomacy, imprisonment, and fighting are so inextricably interwoven that the brightly-coloured pattern cannot fail to satisfy those to whom these things appeal. M. Martin is the same hero who usually figures in such novels; my Lord Bengt a very similar evil-doer. But a good word must be said for the Graf von Waldschlösschen, if we excuse some coarseness on the plea of rough environment.

JOHN LOTT'S ALICE. By Frances C. Burmester. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

There is much interesting work in "John Lott's Alice," and some that is less worthy of praise. The book compels and deserves attentive reading, not by virtue of stirring incident or attractive characterisation, but by the clever handling of homogeneous details. To offer it to readers as "a dramatic and picturesque tale of village life in Essex" is perhaps to awaken expectations that are denied a satisfactory fulfilment; but few will fail in sympathy towards the half-gipsy Alice, "who kept herself to herself and did no neighbouring," throughout the trials occasioned by her husband's backsliding, the charge of her little step-son Jake and the loss of a much-cherished infant. But the disgrace of Benjamin



CARLYLE'S WRITING-DESK AND CHAIR.

"Carlyle's writing-table, he bequeathed to Sir James Stephen, in whose family it remains. 'I know,' he wrote in his will, 'he will accept it as a distinguished mark of my esteem. He knows that it belonged to my honoured father-in-law and his daughter, and that I have written all my books upon it, except only "Schiller," and that for fifty years and upwards that are now passed I have considered it among the most precious of my possessions.'"—"The Carlyles' Chelsea Home," by Reginald Blunt.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Reginald Blunt.)

Field, widower, farmer, and preacher, is a design in ugly colours; his daughter's flirtations are a little tawdry, and Lady Cochrane—surely Lady Cochrane is impossible.

A LOVER OF MUSIC, and Other Tales of Ruling Passions. By Henry Van Dyke. 6s. (Newnes.)

Prologues and prefaces such as introduce Mr. Van Dyke's stories are apt to make a reader shy. He would prefer to begin straight off on the fiction instead of hearing of the writer's serious purposes, however humbly these may be expressed. The tales that follow are not of a kind to demand any explanation or any apology. The average quality of their kind is fairly high just now, and two of Mr. Van Dyke's are above the average: "A Year of Nobility" and "The Keeper of the Light." Stories of Canadian life, they show a varied knowledge of character in unconventional circumstances, a ready response to high and strong emotions; and not the least of their charm is the sense which each of them gives of the joy of the out-of-door world. The vigorous illustrations, by Mr. Appleton Clark, deserve special praise.

PLOTS. By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Methuen.)

There are at least half-a-dozen new kinds of shudders to be enjoyed from a perusal of Mr. Capes's new book of stories, and one of these, in "The Green Bottle," might be used as a test for readers who flatter themselves they have strong and insensitive constitutions. The book, it must be confessed—or vaunted—is prolific in horrors; but they are ingenious horrors, and the mental agility necessary for grasping the complicated scheme of them, will act as something of an antidote to the malady of the nerves which might otherwise attack an effortless reader. Indeed, our only criticism concerns this same ingenuity. It is always wonderful; it is never cheap. It gives one a high respect for Mr. Capes's mental powers. But when his contempt for the obvious will have allied itself with something simpler in design, there will be a bigger result. Still, let us gratefully acknowledge the power of "The Devil's Fantasia," and the mingling of fun and grim sensation in "Plots."

THE KEYS OF THE HOUSE. By Algernon Gissing. 6s. (Methuen.)

There is a sad note in Mr. Algernon Gissing's new novel, "The Keys of the House"—the "different tides of life" which divide wife from husband, mother from son. The theme is treated with a sympathetic restraint which adds to its strength. No crude contrasts are made between a saintly and a worldly mode of living, but the leanings of Eleanor Brant towards a life of art, of culture and enlightenment appear in strong conflict with the demand for isolation and simplicity which binds her husband to the secluded parsonage of Harthope. Sympathy, however, is not all on his side. Their son, Yordas, an enthusiastic young mystic, is drawn from his father's influence into a whirlpool of life by the promptings of his mother's ambition. But with the swing of the pendulum early tradition regains sway. The theatre scene, in which Yordas witnesses his uncle's ill-considered play—whence his sudden ripening into manhood—is wanting in power; but the well-chosen setting of the story cloaks the fact that it is planned on somewhat conventional lines. And the minor characters stand in good perspective.

A VISION OF BEAUTY. By Joseph Hatton. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Hatton has no "pose," no mannerisms or affectations of any sort, but sets himself to tell a rattling good sensational story, simply and straightforwardly, and does it uncommonly well. His heartless adventuress, the "vision of beauty," is the most fascinating of her type, and her reputed father, General Philippe Montezuma, is a rascal of the first water. Horace Bertram, a young provincial, arrived in London with plenty of money and an influential backing to start a journalistic career, looks like falling an easy prey to their cunning wiles, till a conversation accidentally overheard opens his eyes; then he breaks away from the beautiful Julia's witcheries, but in the meantime he has seemingly lost the love of the little country maiden to whom he had previously been as good as engaged. The plot is ingenious, the characters are more carefully drawn than characters in novels of this kind usually are, and the whole thing is written with a spirit and gusto that even the most jaded novel-reader will find stimulating and refreshing.

The Bookman's Table.

THE ANCESTOR. A Quarterly Review of County and Family History, Heraldry and Antiquities. No. I. 5s. net. (Constable.)

The almost unanimous verdict of subscribers to the "Ancestor" (the new quarterly devoted to "personal archæology") will be that it is a wonderfully cheap five shillingsworth. Paper, illustrations, and letterpress are alike excellent, and the review is provided with external raiment so neat and substantial that the purchaser feels that the day of binding may be almost indefinitely postponed. The list of contributors to the first number includes Sir George Sitwell, Sir H. Maxwell Lyte, the Windsor Herald Mr. W. A. Lindsay, Mr. St. John Hope, and Mr. J. Horace Round. The periodical deals with subjects which have hitherto been to a large extent monopolised by the dry-as-dust antiquary and the peerage lawyer, and it endeavours, not without success, to apply researches in these subjects to modern life and to invest them with a living interest. It is quite in this spirit that the editor, Mr. Oswald Barron, lays about him with a flail in denouncing the pedantries and fly-blown phylacteries of the conventional heraldic guides. Sir George Sitwell, whose admirable book on the "First Whig" (William Sacheverell) is far too little known, follows with a paper of great historical interest upon the English gentleman, developing the thesis that, in medieval times, there was no clear dividing line and no real distinction in blood and descent between the nobility and gentry. The distinctive term "gentilman" as a separate species of the armigerous class is never found before the fifteenth century. The liveliness with which such subjects are treated and antiquarian fallacies exposed is suggestive of a fifteen-knot breeze being suddenly let loose in the ordinarily stifling air of a muniment room. We hope that the editor and his staff will be able to "keep it up," in which case a revival of interest in "personal archæology" may be confidently anticipated. The addition of a half-title and of descriptive headlines to the pages would render the "Ancestor" the ne plus ultra of twentieth century periodical production. It worthily occupies a place which has hitherto had no definite occupant among the serried ranks of English periodicals.

STUDIES IN IRISH HISTORY. By C. Litton Falkiner. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

The history of Ireland during the latter half of the eighteenth century resolves itself into such a maze of inconsistencies and incongruities that it is well-nigh impossible for the non-Celtic student to grasp the underlying influences and to assign to each of them its proper place in the general scheme. Mr. Falkiner has done much to remove this difficulty by a careful analysis of the various forces, both centralising and centrifugal, which were at work during the period immediately preceding the Union. This volume contains a number of essays, most of which have previously appeared in reviews and magazines, but which have been carefully revised, and in some instances in great part rewritten. The most interesting of them are those which deal with the Volunteer movement and the Grattan Parliament. It is strange to note the process by which the republican Ulsterman of 1796 has developed into the imperialist of today. As the author points out, the rooted and irreconcilable aversion of the Catholic Irishman to English rule is curiously illustrated by the fact that of the grievances in which the rebellion of 1798 originated, not one now remains. No legislative distinctions have since that date been made between Protestant Ulster and the Catholic districts, and yet the former is loyal, whereas the latter are hotbeds of disaffection and discontent. The reader is irresistibly driven to the conclusion that the causes of Irish disloyalty must be sought for in differences of creed and race. The other papers which call for notice are those on Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry, and on the French invasion of Ireland under Humbert.

PETER III., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. By R. Nisbet Bain. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Bain is a recognised authority on all matters relating to the history of the Russian Empire in the eighteenth century, and this, his latest work, should considerably enhance his reputation. The story with which he deals is a sad one, and centres chiefly round the lurid tragedy of the murder

of Peter III. That unhappy monarch has been universally dismissed from the pages of history with contempt, as being little better than a fatuous imbecile; but we now learn, as the result of the author's careful and scholarly researches, that this estimate of his character is a mere caricature. It is true that Peter was totally unfitted for the proper discharge of the duties of his exalted position, but his domestic policy was, at all events, inspired by a genuine desire for the welfare of his subjects, though, like many another misguided reformer, he went too fast for those whom he wished to benefit, and finally split on the rock of popular prejudice and deep-rooted tradition. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of his foreign policy. He had a childish and unreasoning admiration for Frederick the Great, which led him to throw away all the advantages which had resulted to Russia from the seven years' war, and to miss the great opportunity which presented itself to him of becoming the armed mediator of the peace of Europe. Mr. Bain is to be congratulated on having handled the sensational and revolting details of Peter's horrible fate with a rare delicacy and restraint. This is a book which will repay a careful perusal, and which we trust will meet with a reception commensurate with its merits.

ISRAEL PUTNAM. By William Farrand Livingston. (American Men of Energy.) 6s. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

An admixture of the personalities of Washington and Putnam would result in the human embodiment of the American Revolution. The former is the polished Virginian gentleman, whilst Putnam represents the rough but vigorous Puritan element of New England. It was the combination of these two somewhat incongruous types which gave strength to the secessionist movement, and enabled the revolted colonies to throw off their allegiance to Great Britain. If Washington is the hero of the epoch, Putnam is nevertheless its most picturesque figure. At the commencement of his career we find him tilling the virgin soil of the backwoods; at its close he keeps an hotel. In addition to this he was also a major-general in the army, and sexton and bellringer to the Congregational church of which he was a member. Rough and illiterate as he was, his personality is one which fascinates us, and the English reader cannot but feel a pride in the fact that, although he fought against us, he was of the same stock as ourselves. In the volume under review the minutiæ of his extraordinary career are somewhat laboured, but, in spite of this, the narrative is highly interesting. We would remark in passing that there is not a King's College at Oxford, as the author appears to suppose.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR HARRY SMITH. Edited by G. C. Moore Smith, M.A. 24s. net. (Murray.)

The military memoir written from the purely professional point of view is apt to be wearisome to the civilian public. On the other hand the plain and unvarnished tale told by "the man who carries the gun" possesses an intense interest for us all. The absence of technical detail from the narrative enhances its picturesqueness and pathos, and even if we do not get the same bird's-eye view of the movements of opposing forces, we are more than compensated for this by a kaleidoscopic succession of incidents, which, though perhaps trivial in themselves, combine to show us what war is when viewed from the ranks. Sir Harry Smith was a fine type of the fighting Englishman, and the unaffected and at times naive record now before us is entirely from his pen. Never did knight choose a more appropriate motto than that of "Inter milites miles" borne by him. Sir Harry Smith was before everything else a soldier, and loved his profession with a passionate devotion such as is but rarely met with. His active service record includes the disastrous expedition to South America in 1807, the Peninsular war, the Waterloo campaign, the American expeditions of 1814, 1815, the Kaffir war of 1835, the Gwalior campaign, 1843, the Sikh wars of 1845 to 1846, and the Boer rebellion of 1848, which led to the creation of the Orange Free State. The name Ladysmith has during the last two years been frequently on our lips, but we wonder how many of us have ever heard of the fair and talented lady after whom the scene of Sir George White's achievements was named. There was never a more romantic match than that between Harry Smith, then a rollicking subaltern in the Rifle Brigade, and the beautiful Juana de Leon. As is well known, the storming of the breach at Badajos was followed by scenes of unparalleled debauchery and horror, and it fell to the lot of our hero to rescue two Spanish ladies from the fury of the drunken soldiery. This is what Sir John Kincaid wrote of the younger of them: "Fourteen summers had not yet passed over her youthful countenance, which was of a delicate freshness—more English than Spanish; her face, though not perhaps rigidly beautiful, was nevertheless so remarkably handsome, and so irresistibly attractive, surmounting a figure cast in Nature's fairest mould, that to look at her was to love her; and I did love her, but I never told my love, and in the meantime another and a more impudent fellow stepped in and won her!" That impudent fellow was Sir Harry Smith, who by means of this display of pushfulness secured a wife who accompanied him through all the hardships and perils of the Peninsula war and gladdened the whole of his life by her touching fidelity and affection. Sir Harry Smith was, however, more than a mere condottiere; he proved himself in South Africa to be possessed of no mean statesmanlike qualities, and had he been given a free hand by the Home Government, we should not in all human probability now be engaged in subduing the remnants of the Boer armies. This is an autobiography of rare and entrancing interest; and although it is written by one who was more skilled in the use of the sword than in that of the pen, it is nevertheless remarkable for its breezy if unconventional style. No one will regret that Sir Harry Smith's original purpose, which was to confide its compilation to some literary man or other, was never carried out.

NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGN IN POLAND. 1806-7. By F. Loraine Petre. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

This is a volume which will be welcomed by students of military history. The author is gifted with a marked capacity for historical research, and has worked out his subject with great thoroughness and patience. It is not, however, a book for the general public. Mr. Petre has sacrificed the picturesque and stirring side of the campaign, in favour of its purely strategic and tactical aspect. Battalions march and countermarch through these pages in such a bewildering maze, as to leave an impression on a mere civilian's mind similar to that which would result from a judicious admixture of a Blue-book with the chess column of a newspaper. The maps and plans are good as far as they go, but are inadequate. In a work of this kind it is almost impossible to follow the text accurately without a clear picture of the theatre of war in the mind's eye.

ADDRESSES ON THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. By Edward White Benson, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. 21s. net. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

The Addresses on the Book of Acts now published were delivered by the late Archbishop to a gathering of ladies "who, from their position and influence, might be regarded as specially responsible for the tone of society." Unfortunately, they are printed, not from the Archbishop's own manuscript—for manuscript there was none, beyond brief notes—but from reports made by various hearers. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, the Addresses have merit. They are suggestive, covering a wide field of applications rather than cutting very deep into the passages treated. Critically they are disappointingly slight, but they bring a number of subjects before the mind, and abound in "modern instances." It is to be hoped that in their printed form they will prove as attractive as when they were delivered, and certainly every reader will find in them a large amount of original material.

RICHARD WAGNER: HIS LIFE AND HIS DRAMAS. By W. J. Henderson. 6s. net. (Putnam.)

"The purpose of this book is to supply Wagner lovers with a single work which shall meet all their needs," says the writer; and his frankly stated ambition is fairly justified. The compilation is businesslike; Mr. Henderson has drawn from reliable sources; and has information to give concerning the first performances of the operas, which is not conveniently set down elsewhere. The biographical part is refreshingly candid; and the aims and final accomplishment of Wagner are intelligently stated. There is but little technical exposition, the specialist not being the reader addressed. Whether it "help the Wagner lover to a thorough knowledge" of the master or not, it is certainly a very useful book for the Wagner pilgrim before or after Baireuth.

WITH THE WILD GEESE. By Emily Lawless. With an Introduction by Stopford A. Brooke. 4s. 6d. net. (Isbister.)

So far as we know Miss Lawless has published no volume of verse before these songs and dirges commemorative of Irish exiles, their glories and defeats. We are, indeed, grateful to Mr. Stopford Brooke, who has not only written a vigorous preface giving the history of the Irish regiments abroad after Aughrim, but who persuaded the writer to give her poems to the world. Quite individual, not dependent on the "Irish Movement," or the "Celtic Renaissance," they are yet Irish to the core. Their sentiment is strong and sincere, their manner is nearly always impressive, and sometimes poetry burns in them at white heat. It is the Ireland of frustrated hopes, the Ireland seen through exiles' eyes, a melancholy, tragic Ireland we hear of in her verse as in her prose. But there is nothing poor-spirited in it; love and pride give the tune to the laments, and in "Cremona" we have a high-hearted story of achievement. The most touching is the second poem on Fontenoy, with the eerie picture of the souls of brave men coming "home to Corca Basuin, in the morning light." But it is in the "Dirge of the Munster Forest, 1581," that Miss Lawless shows her best strength. Ireland's heroes have fallen in the Desmond War. The forest takes them to her heart, and knows her own decay.

"I pass, I die, and leave no natural heirs.
Soon shall my sylvan coronals be cast;
My hidden sanctuaries, my secret ways,
Naked must stand to the rebellious blast;
No Spring shall quicken what this Autumn slays.
Therefore, while still I keep my russet crown,
I summon all my lieges to the feast, black, or pied, or brown.
Hither, ye flutterers!
Hither, ye furred ones! Hither every beast!
Only to one of all my forest clan
I cry, 'Avaunt! Our mourning revels flee!'
On the grey wolf I lay my sovereign ban,
The great grey wolf with scraping claws, lest he
Lay bare my dead for gloating foes to see—
Lay bare my dead, who died, and died for me."

V.R.I., Her Life and Empire. By His Grace the Duke of Argyll. 5s. (Harpers.)

As an impressionist history of Queen Victoria and her Empire the Duke of Argyll's volume is admirable. The full, standard "Life" which will be given us at some future day, must necessarily be long in coming; its production, covering as it will so long a period and such vast changes in national, political, and social life, must be a work of unhurried thought, care, and real labour. But now, while waiting, we can appreciate this well-selected chronicle. In it we find all salient matters dealt with accurately and reliably, from the earliest days of the late sovereign to the last memorable journey from Osborne to Windsor. The volume is also particularly rich in anecdote and personal touches, and contains many illustrations of great interest, including several little known portraits.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

MAY, 1902.

The New Books of the Month.

MARCH 15TH TO APRIL 15TH, 1902.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BEEBY, C. E., D.D.—Addresses on Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Communion, 2/- net
Midland Educational Co., Birmingham
[A collection of simple, yet detailed, lessons for the use of teachers and candidates for confirmation.]

CAPRON, F. HUGH.—The Conflict of Truth, 10/6
Hodder & Stoughton

Encyclopædia Biblica. Edited by Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt., D.D., and J. Sutherland Black, M.A., LL.D. Volume III. 20/- net ..... *A. & C. Black*

GODFREY, CLARENCE, M.A.—A Short Critical Introduction to the Fourth Gospel, 1/- net
Midland Educational Co., Birmingham
[The result of long and faithful investigation of the sacred writing; divergencies between it and the three other Gospels are stated; proofs of its late date are given; and the whole "Mystical gospel"—its idea, its construction, its doctrinal rather than historical nature—is treated with scholarly thoroughness.]

INGRAM, ARTHUR F. WINNINGTON, D.D., Bishop of London.—Under the Dome, 3/6 ..... *Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co.*
[Sermons which were all preached "Under the Dome"; messages given in strong, clear language, suitable to the huge congregations made up of all classes, inculcating Faith, Hope, Joy, and Endurance. The address to the C.I.V. on their return from South Africa is included.]

JACOB, JOHN THOMAS.—Christ the Indweller, 5/- ..... *Macmillan*

MACLAREN, ALEXANDER.—After the Resurrection, 5/-
Hodder & Stoughton

MARGOLIOUTH, D. S., M.A.—Religions of Bible Lands, 1/- net
Hodder & Stoughton
[A new and notable volume in the series of Christian Study Manuals, in which the Egyptian, Persian, and Semitic religions are dealt with in a full, clear, and able manner.]

PARKHURST, CHARLES H., D.D.—The Sunny Side of Christianity, 2/- net ..... *James Robinson, Manchester*
[A vigorous little volume, proclaiming the need of love and charity in religion, and sympathy as well as intellect. The style is somewhat racy, as may be inferred from some of the chapter headings—"Love in the Heart *versus* Phosphorus in the Brain," "Love Considered as a Lubricant," etc.]

Six Oxford Tutors. Contentio Veritatis. 12/- net ..... *Murray*

NEW EDITIONS.

Century Bible, The. Corinthians. Edited by J. Massie, M.A., D.D. Thessalonians and Galatians. Edited by Walter F. Adeney, M.A. 2 Vols. ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

Deuteronomy. Edited by G. Wilkins, M.A., B.D. The Temple Bible. 1/- net ..... *Dent*

Samuel. First and Second Books. Edited by James Sime, M.A., F.R.S.E. The Temple Bible. 1/- net ..... *Dent*

SMYTH, WILLIAM WOODS.—Divine Dual Government. Illustrated, Revised, and Enlarged. 6/- ..... *Horace Marshall*

FICTION.

ADAMS, FREDERICK U.—The Kidnapped Millionaires, 6/-
Grant Richards
[An amusing and quite exciting tale of the disappearance of four rich men; but, primarily, a vivaciously given object lesson in American journalism, illustrating the smart editor—who in these days is called a Napoleon of Journalism—and his advertising methods.]

AGNUS, ORME.—Zike Mouldom. Illustrated. 6/- ... *Ward, Lock*

APPLETON, G. W.—Rash Conclusions, 3/6 ..... *Chatto*

Author of "The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth."—A Girl of the Multitude. 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*

Author of "The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth."—The Grandmother's Advice to Elizabeth. 1/- and 2/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
["Elizabeth" seems to be a lady of many friends. Her grandmother is worldly, certainly, a little garrulous, perhaps; but strong with her pen.]

AYDEN, SINCLAIR.—Rolling-Flax, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
[Life and happenings in Little-Russia are capitally described in this pleasant novel; and the love-interest is fresh and attractively written.]

BARNARD, JAMES.—The City of Shadows, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
[A trio of Spanish stories, picturesque in conception, but somewhat stilted in presentment.]

BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.—Mock Beggars' Hall, 6/-
Hurst & Blackett

BIRRELL, OLIVE.—Nicholas Holbrook, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*

BODKIN, M. McD.—Shillelagh and Shamrock ... *Chatto & Windus*
[A collection of Irish stories, told in excellent spirit and style. There are no dull pages in Mr. Bodkin's chronicles. When he is not humorous he is gruesome, and occasionally he is both.]

BOOTHBY, GUY.—My Strangest Case. Illustrated ..... *Ward, Lock*
[A treasure-story of more than usual interest, in which the finding of rubies in an old temple is almost the least part of the excitement. The treachery and desertion of one of the band of treasure-seekers lead to much sensational incident, which Mr. Boothby weaves into an engaging story.]

CAMERON, MRS. LOVETT.—A Woman's No, 6/- ..... *John Long*

CLEEVE, L.—Blue Lilies, 6/- ..... *Unwin*
[A reapparition of the "problem novel" in somewhat frivolous guise. Lucas Cleeve's runaway heroine is a clever, amusing, vulgar young person, who manages her affairs almost too successfully to rouse the sympathies of the reader.]

CROCKETT, S. R.—The Dark o' the Moon, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*

CRAWFORD, MRS. J. A.—The Problem of Janus, 6/- ..... *Treherne*
[A somewhat powerfully-written story, dealing with what may be called, in the author's own words, a "history of unusual humanity." The main idea is rather repellent, the handling of it is skilful and certain.]

DARNLEY, FLORENCE, AND RANDOLPH L. HODSON.—Elma Trevor, 6/- ..... *Constable*

DICKSON, HARRIS.—The Siege of Lady Resolute, 6/- ..... *Harpers*
[The reign of Louis XIV. is the period in which the many striking scenes of this well-written story are laid. The truth of the words that

"Scarce a slender hair between
The hero and the coward lies"

is here powerfully exemplified; and a man who has done a cowardly thing but is no coward, and a woman who is long angry, but is faithful at heart, make an uncommonly fine centre couple. The history in the novel is not laboured, and the general "atmosphere" is attractive and convincing.]

DUTT, ROMESH, C.I.E.—The Lake of Palms, 6/- *Fisher Unwin*
[A story of Bengal village life, in which India, Indian customs, Indian sorrows, and Indian progress are effectively woven.]

EMBREE, CHARLES FLEMING.—A Heart of Flame. Illustrated. 6/- *Methuen*

FOXWELL, A. J.—The Rajah's Gift. Popular Stories Series *A. H. Stockwell*

FRIEDMAN, I. K.—By Bread Alone, 6/- ..... *Heinemann*

GARDNER, EDMUND G.—Desiderio, 4/6 net ..... *Dent*

GILBERT, GEORGE.—In the Shadow of the Purple, 6/- ... *John Long*

GROGAN, WALTER E.—The King's Sceptre, 6/- ..... *Arrowsmith*

GUBBINS, NATHANIEL.—Pick-me-ups, 3/6 ..... *John Long*
[A book of sketches and anecdotes, with brevity for their chief charm.]

HARDY, IZA DUFFUS.—Man, Woman, and Fate, 6/- *Chatto & Windus*

HARTE, MRS. BAGOT.—In Deep Waters, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
[All the sensations that can be wrung from a disappointing will, a weak father, an ambitious, unscrupulous mother, a good stepson, a bad son, a beautiful heiress-cousin, a staunch sister, and some well-selected side-characters, Mrs. Bagot Harte has wrung from these circumstances and persons. Plotting, poison, forgery, and coincidence hurry the story along in most exciting style, and in the end all are happy who deserve to be; but the waters were undoubtedly deep.]

HATTON, JOSEPH.—A Vision of Beauty, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*

HEDDLE, ETHEL F.—A Mystery of St. Rules, 6/- ..... *Blackie*
[A beautiful but good-hearted impostor, a peer, several scamps, an old Scotch University town, some love knots, and a big diamond—these ingredients, cleverly blended by Miss Heddle, form a novel which is sufficiently full of interest without being sensational, and is wholesome without being mawkish. Miss Heddle may safely be trusted to provide a story which will be attractive to old and young, gentle and simple.]

HOCKING, SILAS K.—Gripped. Illustrated. 3/6 ..... *Warne & Co.*
[A clergyman in difficulties appeals to a large double public. Mr. Hocking, in this exciting novel, brings him almost to the gallows. Mystery, tragedy, good and ill-doing, carry us along to a popular wedding, which is no less interesting because the bride has wealth enough for both. "Gripped" will delight the hundreds of readers who wait impatiently for this author's writings.]

HORNUNG, E. W.—The Shadow of the Rope, 6/- ..... *Chatto*

HUDSON, W. H.—El Ombú, 1/6 net and 2/- net ..... *Duckworth*

KENNARD, MRS. EDWARD.—The Golf Lunatic, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*
[The husband of this story is called Dolly, and he flirts and golfs; the wife is named Cynthia, and she cycles and chronicles her troubles. Dolly, in pre-matrimonial days, thought Cynthia magnificent—"The sort of girl, don't yer know, who reminds a fellar of a Roman matron." Cynthia then admired Dolly's "freshness, his air of youthful candour." The chronicler blames muddling, over-praised Nature for bringing her into the world "with the temperament and ambitions of a man, whilst she failed to make a nice little girl of Dolly." But hard-hearted readers may be rather grateful to Nature, for an amusing story is the result; and the golfer and cyclist are a pattern couple in the end—of the book.]

LEIGH, JOHN GARRETT.—Will o' the Wisp, 4/6 net ..... *Dent*

MAY, DANAË.—The Inconsequences of Sara, 6/- ..... *Treherne*
[The light, bright story of a restless, clever, undisciplined young woman, of no particular faith, but many attractions. She talks in the way we have grown to wish clever persons to adopt, and it is a way which is decidedly entertaining. Sara is not truthful, and her sense of honour is not over-rigid; but she is one who makes a difference in a room when she enters.]

MAXWELL, J. BYERS.—A Passion for Gold, 6/- ..... *Treherne*
[A story of a South African mine, in which, as may be guessed, the love of gold leads to much rascally behaviour and sensational villainy. The main villain's ways are hard-headed and sure, and his practical repentance very gradual.]

MCCUTCHEON, G. B.—Graustark, 6/- ..... *Richards*
[Another of the numerous tales where a small European principality provides the romantic scene and the beautiful princess. This one hails from America, and the hero, who wins the heart of the princess and the right to interfere benevolently in the affairs of Graustark, has all the dashing enterprise of his countrymen.]

MEADE, L. T., AND ROBERT EUSTACE.—The Lost Square. Illustrated. 5/- ..... *Ward, Lock*
[These popular collaborators have planned and written a thrilling and ingenious story calculated to banish *ennui* for at least the few hours which will be occupied by the breathless reading of it. Rupert Phenays is summoned to Paris in the February of 1898 to hear a secret from his dying friend Escott, of the British Secret Service. The secret itself does not concern us much; but the French Secret Service is relentless and prompt in danger to France, and suspecting Phenays of possessing Escott's information, takes means to silence him. The life which Phenays endeavours to guard for himself after this is neither placid nor enviable—as a life; but it is capital on paper; and the surrounding circumstances would have delighted the professional heart of Sherlock Holmes.]

MEAKIN, NEVILL MYERS.—The Assassins, 6/- ..... *Heinemann*

MERRICK, LEONARD.—When Love Flies out o' the Window, 6/- *Pearson*

METCALFE, W. C.—Fetters of Gold. Popular Stories Series. 2/6 *A. H. Stockwell*
[A lesson against worldliness is taught in this story, that money hoarded may be lost, and in any case leads to callousness. Mr. Metcalfe may not possess any elaborate literary skill, but he knows what he wants to say, and he says it.]

POYNTER, E. FRANCES.—Michael Ferrier, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*

RAINE, ALLEN.—A Welsh Witch, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*

RUTTER, FRANK, AND LADBROKE BLACK.—A Muddied Oaf, 1/- *Treherne*
[Goes to show that Mr. Kipling was really unjust in his remarks on youths of athletic tendencies.]

SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Marriage of Lydia Mainwaring, 6/- *Hutchinson*
[Miss Sergeant revels in a real plot and a slow revealing of mystery, and she knows her power when she sits down to write a long story of incident and intricacy. The public clings to such writers of long, unhurried stories, and the public knows what is good. In the present volume the author's old charm and attraction are strong as ever.]

SPRIGGE, S. SQUIRE.—An Industrious Chevalier, 6/- ..... *Chatto*

ST. BARBE, REGINALD.—The Princess Inez, 6/- ..... *Elliot Stock*
[In writing of the life and fascinations of Spain Mr. St. Barbe is quite at his ease. His love for, and knowledge of, the country are felt throughout this romance, which is passionate, picturesque, and never dull or hesitating.]

STREET, G. S.—A Book of Stories, 6/- ..... *Constable*

SWAN, ANNIE S.—Love Grown Cold, 5/- ..... *Methuen*
[A charming story by this well-known writer—a love-story, in spite of its title and the ill-assorted marriage which influences so many lives. The hero is a brilliant war-correspondent, and South Africa as well as Scotland is the background of some striking scenes.]

SWIFT, BENJAMIN.—Ludus Amoris, 6/- ..... *Philip Welby*

WHEELWRIGHT, EDITH GRAY.—A Slow Awakening, 6/- ..... *Chatto*

WHELER, DORIS L.—The Treasure of the Castle. Illustrated. 3/6 *Grant Richards*
[Just the book for an adventure-loving child. There is buried treasure in it, and four young people do delightful and important work.]

WHISHAW, FRED.—Mazeppa, 6/- ..... *Chatto*

WHITE, EDMUND (James Blythe Patton).—The Eveshams, 6/- *Hurst & Blackett*

WOLFF, JETTA S.—No Place for Her, 3/6 ..... *Greening*
["Most decidedly, he meant to marry her. He had done once and for ever with those wretched notions of rank and station in which he had been brought up." So begins the story of a vacillating young man who had developed ideas as to social equality. Needless to say, he did not marry the "her" referred to, and a pathetic story is the result.]

NEW EDITIONS.

BRONTË, CHARLOTTE.—Jane Eyre. With Introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll. 6/- ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*

BRONTË, CHARLOTTE.—Shirley. The World's Classics Series. 1/- net ..... *Grant Richards*

Cervantes. Exemplary Novels. Vol. II. 1/- net *Gowans & Gray*

DICKENS, CHARLES.—A Tale of Two Cities. India Paper Edition. 2/- net ..... *Nelson*

DICKENS, CHARLES.—Sketches by Boz. Hard Times, etc. 2 Vols. Oxford India Paper Edition. 2/6 net each *Chapman & Hall*

ELIOT, GEORGE.—Silas Marner, 6d. ..... *Blackwood*

FEUILLET, OCTAVE.—The Romance of a Poor Young Man. With Critical Introduction by Henry Harland. Century of French Romance Series ..... *Heinemann*

KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—Westward Ho! Vol. II. Sixth Volume of Life and Works ..... *Macmillan*

MEREDITH, GEORGE.—Rhoda Fleming; One of our Conquerors; The Amazing Marriage; Lord Ormont and His Aminta; Vittoria; The Adventures of Harry Richmond. Six Volumes. 2/6 each net ..... *Constable*

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Kenilworth. 2 Vols. The Edinburgh Waverley Edition. 6/- net each ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*
THACKERAY, W. M.—Henry Esmond. 2 Volumes. Authorised Edition. 6/- net ..... *Dent*

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

FURTADO, JOSEPH.—Poems ..... *Thacker, Calcutta*
GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON.—Urlyn the Harper. And Other Song. 1/- net ..... *Elkin Mathews*
["The king has sailed across the tide,
The sad old king, with foam-white hair,
To bring him home another bride,
A spring-bright maiden fresh and fair."
And when the bride comes, Urlyn, the harper, loves her. The short poem of love and death is marked by grace and spontaneous emotion. But even better than this we like the tender, cameo-like pictures in "Faring South."]
JENNINGS, J. G.—Masque of the Three Loves, 6/- *Indian Press, Allahabad*
LAWLESS, EMILY.—With the Wild Geese, 4/6 net ..... *Isbister*
MACLAGAN, ERIC R. D.—Leaves in the Road, 1/6 ..... *Wilford Bell*
[Poems marked by sincerity and real poetical feeling. "Sponsa Mortis" alone is worth many a volume of "verses." The touch of the scholar is noticeable, but the touch of the poet is stronger.]
MENZIES, G. K.—Provincial Sketches. And Other Verses *Alex. Gardner*
[Racy, spirited poems. Mr. Menzies attempts many metres with facility and success. His brain is quick, his courage undoubted, and we think his eye twinkles.]
Ode to War, 6d. ..... *King, Halifax*
[Describes with much spirit the terrors and the glory of war, the work and the determination of our soldiers. The sale of the pamphlet will aid the funds for benefiting sufferers.]
Omar Khayyám, Quatrains From. Done into English by F. York Powell ..... *Wilford Bell*
PEARCE, ALFRED H. ("Lord Knows Who").—Jocund Jingles, 2/6 net ..... *Heywood, Manchester*
[Humorous verses on timely and topical affairs. Many parodies are included. The collection is wholesome and light, and will prove a store-house for reciters.]
ROSS, G. R. T.—In the Highlands. And Other Poems *Alexander Gardner*
[Verses chiefly noticeable for a love of country and a commendably patriotic spirit.]
SIGERSON, DORA (Mrs. Clement Shorter).—The Woman Who Went to Hell. And Other Ballads and Lyrics. 2/6 net *De La More Press*
STANDER, C.—A Friday Night Horror ..... *Passmore & Alabaster*
WEST, J. WALTER, A.R.W.S.—Fulbeck. A Pastoral. Illustrated. 4/- ..... *Wilford Bell*
[Places upon the pages a picture, not only of beautiful country, but of beautiful country-life. With pencil and pen are portrayed the fields and streams, the rural labours and delights, and the homely life; the
"Goodly days! when hand in hand with Nature,
Man saw the slow provision for his need."
Words of genuine praise must be given to the publisher for the finished manner in which his publications are presented to the reader. All the excellence and charm which come from a combination of unequalled type, hand-made papers, Japanese vellums, tasteful and uncommon bindings, are found in the attractive parcel of books which has reached us from Mr. Wilford Bell, making them real treasures for book-lovers, and undeniably charming gifts.]
WILTON, RICHARD, M.A.—Lyra Pastoralis, 2/6 ..... *Melhuen*
[These "Songs of Nature, Church, and Home" are selected from the author's already-published volumes. They contain much beauty and originality, and many have deservedly found a place in anthologies.]
WRIGHT, W. J. PAYLING, B.A.—Dante and the Divine Comedy, 3/6 net ..... *John Lane*
WYMAN, FRANCIS.—Butterflies in Amber, 5/- ..... *Ward, Lock*

NEW EDITIONS.

Book of Verses for Children, A. Compiled by E. V. Lucas. 2/6 *Grant Richards*
Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. Edited by Alfred W. Pollard. 3/6 net ..... *Macmillan*
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.—A Prospect of Society. Edited by Bertram Dobell. 2/6 net ..... *Bertram Dobell*
[An extremely interesting reprint, being the earliest form of Goldsmith's poem, "The Traveller." From the first edition of the latter poem, here reprinted also, for purposes of comparison, the care and criticism which the poet expended on his own work may be realised; and the sorting and arranging of a jumble of fine thoughts into a polished poem may be followed with surprise and admiration. Mr. Dobell is to be congratulated upon finding and editing this literary curiosity.]
HOOD, THOMAS.—Serious Poems. Caxton Series. 3/- net *Newnes*
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, The. In English Verse. By Edward Fitzgerald ..... *Wilford Bell*
SHAKESPEARE.—Othello. Windsor Edition ... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*
SHAKESPEARE.—The Taming of the Shrew. Edinburgh Folio Edition. Vol. III. Pt. II. 5s. net ..... *Grant Richards*
SHAKESPEARE.—The Tempest. Edited by Morton Luce. 3/6 *Methuen*
Sophocles. Tragedies and Fragments. Translated by the late E. H. Plumptre, D.D. 2 Vols. ..... *Isbister*

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL, AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

AVEBURY, LORD.—A Short History of Coins and Currency. Illustrated. 2/- ..... *John Murray*
[Almost all that is known of coins and currency seems to have been brought into this small volume. The origin of money, barter, certain famous coins, weights of coins, banknotes, and false coinage, are adequately written of, and the book is a romance in itself, which has slipped into Mr. Murray's *Home and School Library*.]
Blackie's Illustrated Continental Geography-Readers. Asia. 1/6 *Blackie*
BRINTON, DANIEL G., A.M., M.D., etc.—The Basis of Social Relations. Edited by Livingston Farrand. 8/- net *John Murray*
BUCKLEY, ARABELLA B. (Mrs. Fisher).—Eyes and No Eyes. Illustrated. 3/6 ..... *Cassell*
[Miss Buckley's capital little series of Nature-books is now produced in complete volume form. No better book could be recommended for teaching in simple language the wonders of Nature and encouraging in children the habit of observation.]
DAVIDSON, JOHN, M.A.—Arithmetic and Algebra. Self-Educator Series. 2/6 ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*
Famous Pictures of the World. Part V. 1/- net ..... *Pearson*
HAUFE, DR. EWALD.—Passages from the Life of an Educational Freelance. Translated from the German by William H. Herford, B.A. 3/- net ..... *Isbister*
Matriculation Directory. No. XXXI. January, 1902. Including the Special Subjects for January, 1902, and January and June, 1903. 1/- net ..... *Univ. Tutorial Press*
NINET, MARGUERITE.—French in Picture and Talk. A Handbook of Conversational French. 2/6 ..... *Blackie*
SHANN, GEORGE.—The Criterion of Scientific Truth, 1/6 ... *Cassell*
[A short, concise statement dealing with the scientific criterion historically, and as applied to modern science.]
WOOD, STANLEY, M.A.—Questions and Notes on "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Dinglewood Shakespeare Manual. 1/- *John Heywood*
WORKMAN, W. P., M.A., B.Sc. Assisted by R. H. CHOPE, B.A.—The Tutorial Arithmetic, 3/6 ..... *Univ. Tutorial Press*

NEW EDITIONS.

BOSSUET, JACQUES BÉNIGNE.—Oraisons Funèbres. Selections. Edited by the Rev. H. J. Chaytor, M.A. Blackie's Little French Classic. 4d. ..... *Blackie*
BRUEYS-PALAPRAT.—L'Avocat Patelin. Blackie's Little French Classic. Edited by E. B. le François. 4d. ..... *Blackie*
Cæsar. Civil War. Book I. Edited by A. H. Allcroft, M.A. 1/6 ..... *Univ. Tutorial Press*
JAMES, W. AND A. MOLÉ.—English and French Dictionary. Rewritten and Enlarged by Louis Tolhausen and George Payn. 6/- net ..... *Low, Marston & Co.*
Plato. Euthyphro and Menexenus. Edited by T. R. Mills, M.A. 4/6 ..... *Univ. Tutorial Press*
Terence. Phormio. Edited by W. Cecil Laming, M.A. 4/6 *Blackie*

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

CROWEST, FREDERICK J.—The Story of Music, 1/- ..... *Newnes*
ABBOTT, J. H. M.—Tommy Cornstalk, 5/- net ..... *Longmans*
ABRUZZI, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF THE.—Farther North than Nansen. Illustrated. 3/- ..... *Wilford Bell*
[A spirited and first account of the voyage of the *Polar Star*, in which the Duke of the Abruzzi and his companions went on their Arctic explorations, which over-passed Nansen's by forty miles. The narrative is vivid, and the volume is well produced.]
Ancestor, The. No. I. April, 1902. 5/- net ..... *Constable*
Besant, Autobiography of Sir Walter. Prefatory Note by S. Squire Sprigge. 16/- net ..... *Hutchinson*
BOURGET, PAUL.—Days in the Isle of Wight. The English Version. By M. C. Warrilow. 1/6 ..... *Wilford Bell*
BOURGET, PAUL.—Impressions of Oxford. English Version. By M. C. Warrilow. Drawings by Edmund H. New. 3/- *Wilford Bell*
BRANDES, GEORGE.—Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. In Six Vols. Vol. II. 9/- net..... *Heinemann*
BROWN, P. HUME, M.A., LL.D.—History of Scotland. Vol. II. 6/- ..... *Camb. Univ. Press*
CARLYLE, THOMAS.—A Brief Account of His Life and Writings *Chapman & Hall*
Chateaubriand's Memoirs. Translated by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos. In Six Volumes. Vols. III. and IV. 90/- net the set ..... *Freemantle*
COBBAN, J. MACLAREN.—Life and Deeds of Earl Roberts. Vol. IV. *Caxton Publishing Co.*
[The concluding volume of Mr. Maclaren Cobban's able and popular history of Earl Roberts' career, the former volumes of which have from time to time received our sincere praise. The present one, after a chapter on the Commander-in-chief's work at home, from early in the nineties to the beginning of the Boer war, is almost entirely devoted to his splendid work in South Africa, which is recounted with an admirable sense of proportion and knowledge of a biographer's scope. The complete set forms a vivid, well-written account of a brave, wise, and noble soldier.]
EDWARDS, H. SUTHERLAND.—Sir William White, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. 12/- net ..... *John Murray*
FLETCHER, WILLIAM YOUNGER, F.S.A.—English Book Collectors, 10/6 net ..... *Kegan Paul*
[A third volume of the English Bookman's Library, containing a book-lover's biographies of a hundred other book-lovers, of all periods. The volume is a store-house of all imaginable book-

CASSELL & COMPANY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

WILLIAM BLACK, NOVELIST:

A Biography.

By Sir WEMYSS REID.

With 3 Portraits. 10s. 6d. net.

"Full of characteristic anecdotes."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE REAL SIBERIA.

By J. FOSTER FRASER.

With numerous Illustrations from Photographs. 6s.

KATE BONNET:

The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

With 8 Illustrations. 6s.

LIVING LONDON.

Volume I.

Edited by GEORGE R. SIMS.

With over 450 Illustrations from Photographs. Cloth, 12s.; half-leather, 16s.

THE NATION'S PICTURES.

Volume I. Containing 48 Beautiful Coloured Plates. Cloth, 12s; half-leather, 15s.

NAT HARLOWE, MOUNTEBANK.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

With 16 Full-page Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

JUST READY.

Large crown 8vo, cloth boards, 7s. 6d. net.

JAMES CHALMERS:

HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS.

By RICHARD LOVETT, M.A., Author of "James Gilmour of Mongolia," etc.

With 2 Photogravure Portraits, Maps, and 7 other Portraits from Photographs.

This is the only authentic and complete life of the great New Guinea Missionary. The family of the late JAMES CHALMERS entrusted to Mr. LOVETT the whole of the Letters, Memoranda, and Reports in their possession, including an Autobiography from the pen of JAMES CHALMERS himself, which has been incorporated into the Life. The Directors of the London Missionary Society gave him free access to the whole of their official correspondence. Intimate friends of Mr. CHALMERS allowed him to peruse and to make extracts from a very large mass of letters, especially between the years 1886 to 1901. Friends and colleagues like the Rev. GILBERT MEIKLE, his old pastor in Inveraray; Dr. LAWES, his life-long colleague in New Guinea; the Rev. R. WARDLAW THOMPSON; Sir J. ERSKINE, of the Royal Navy, and a host of others, have all co-operated in the effort to make this a true picture and a worthy life of one of the greatest missionary heroes of the nineteenth century.

PUBLISHED BY THE
RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster Row, London.

Complete Work Now Ready.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NEW TESTAMENT.

A Translation into Modern English from the original Greek.
(WESTCOTT AND HORT'S TEXT.)

Price in Green Cloth, 3s. 6d. Better Editions in Morocco Grained Cloth at 4s. 6d., and in Handsome Leather Binding at 6s.

ST. MARK'S GOSPEL IN PAPER COVERS, 2d.

Also issued in Three Parts, viz.:—

Part I.—**The Five Historical Books.** Limp Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Morocco Grained Cloth, 2s. 6d.; Red Leather, 3s. 6d.

Part II.—**The Apostle Paul's Letters to the Churches.** Limp Cloth, 1s.; Morocco Grained Cloth, 2s.; Red Leather, 3s.

Part III.—**The Pastoral, Personal, and General Letters; and the Revelation.** Limp Cloth, 1s.; Morocco Grained Cloth, 2s.; Red Leather, 3s.

Sold by all Booksellers.

Published by HORACE MARSHALL & SON, LONDON.

CORONATION SERIES

represents the Masterpieces of Fiction well-printed on thin paper in cloth and limp leather bindings for pocket use at popular prices.

1. Craik. John Halifax Gent.
2. Austen. Pride and Prejudice
3. Lytton. Last Days of Pompeii (April)
4. Scott. Ivanhoe. (May)
5. Kingsley. Westward Ho (June)
6. Dickens. David Copperfield (July) and others.

Prices limp cloth gilt 1/6, limp leather 2/- net.
Published at 3 Agar St. Strand. WC

TOLSTOY DEPÔT
All the writings of LEO TOLSTOY in English, Russian, &c.

Also kindred literature. List free.
NAME THIS PAPER.
F. R. HENDERSON
26 Paternoster Sq.
LONDON E.C.

PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS.
New and Important Purchases.
SPRING CATALOGUE NOW READY.
W. GLAISHER, REMAINDER AND DISCOUNT BOOKSELLER,
265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.
Also a CATALOGUE of POPULAR CURRENT LITERATURE at Discount Prices, and a CATALOGUE of FRENCH LITERATURE.

LIBERAL RELIGIOUS READING.
PAMPHLETS by **MARTINEAU, CHANNING, STOPFORD BROOKE,** and others, SENT FREE, and BOOKS LENT,
ON APPLICATION TO
Mrs. SQUIRRELL, LYNTON, STONEYGATE, LEICESTER.

The Bookman

A JOURNAL FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS AND BOOKSELLERS.

EDITED BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A., LL.D.

PRICE SIXPENCE MONTHLY, ILLUSTRATED.

	£	s.	d.
ONE INCH, in Column	0	8	0
QUARTER PAGE	2	2	0
HALF PAGE (One Column)	4	4	0
WHOLE PAGE	8	0	0

Advertisements should be sent by the 20th of the month.

lore, scholarly comment, and detailed information, romance and humour creeping in now and again to add pleasure to pleasure.]

Hanna, Charles A.—The Scotch-Irish. 2 Vols. 42/- net *Putnams*

Hastings, Gilbert.—Siena: Its Architecture and Art, 3/6 net *De La More Press*

[A tasteful volume on a beautiful subject. Mr. Hastings has produced a charming history of the arts which have made Siena one of the treasure-houses for lovers of perfection in architecture, painting, and mosaic. The illustrations are helpful to the student and interesting to the traveller.]

Hayford, Rev. Mark C., D.D., F.R.G.S.—Mary H. Kingsley. From an African Standpoint. 2d. ..... *Bear & Taylor*

Henderson, W. J.—Richard Wagner. Life and Dramas. 6/- net *Putnams*

Jenks, Edward, M.A.—Edward Plantagenet. Heroes of the Nations Series. 5/- ..... *Putnams*

Kenworthy, John Coleman.—Tolstoy: His Life and Works, 6/- *Walter Scott Publishing Co.*

Knox, E. Blake, B.A., M.D.—Buller's Campaign: With the Natal Field Force of 1900. Illustrated. 10/6 net *Brimley Johnson*

Lennox, Cuthbert.—James Chalmers of New Guinea, 2/6 net *Andrew Melrose*

[The most serious attempt we have yet met with to give a full biography of this missionary hero, and a well-stated, engrossing account of his work.]

Marston, E.—Sketches of Some Booksellers of the Time of Dr. Samuel Johnson, 5/- net ..... *Low, Marston & Co.*

Martin, W., Litt.D.—Gerard Dou. Translated from the Dutch by Clara Bell. Illustrated. 5/- net ..... *George Bell*

[The first English book on the subject of this Dutch artist, and this is, of course, a translation. Dr. Martin writes in a fair, critical, and informing, manner of his subject, and while telling of Gerard Dou's life, and work, and fame, and position, tells also much of Dutch art in general in Holland at that time—the seventeenth century. An undoubtedly interesting volume of the Great Master's series; well illustrated, as usual.]

Paston, George.—Little Memoirs of the Nineteenth Century, 10/6 *Grant Richards*

Pictorial Scotland and Ireland ..... *Cassell*

[A collection of wonderful scenery and memorable spots, displayed in full-page pictures, with a short descriptive note attached. A volume which should do much to make known the beauties of Scotland and Ireland, and entice many visitors to these countries.]

Powell, Rev. F. H., A.K.C.—Soldier and Padre, 1/- *Ashworth, Manchester*

[Mr. Powell was for some time Chaplain with the South African Field Force, and the small volume is his account of, and observations on, his experiences during the war. The narrative is sensibly written and informing, and contains a refutation of the somewhat sweeping charges of incapacity brought against clergymen and ministers at the front.]

Reid, Wemyss.—William Black, Novelist, 15/- ..... *Cassell*

Sheppard, Edgar, D.D.—The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall. Illustrated. 21/- net ..... *Longmans*

[Whitehall Palace has, we believe, in this sumptuous volume, its first full, detailed, and complete written history. Going back to the days when it was known as York House, going back even to the foundation on which it was built, Dr. Sheppard has spared no labour in tracing the historic building through its many changes, and narrating the important and the curious events which have taken place within its boundaries. Photogravure plates of famous pictures, and many other rare illustrations are included.]

Stead, Alfred.—Japan, Our New Ally. Illustrated. 6/- net *Fisher Unwin*

Steele, Francesca M. (Darley Dale).—The Convents of Great Britain, 7/6 ..... *Sands*

[A history of the religious orders of women, which have been so striking a feature of the past century. Much practical information is included, and a preface is contributed by Father Thurston.]

Tooley, Sarah A.—The Life of Queen Alexandra. Illustrated. 6/- net ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*

Wilkins, W. H., M.A., F.S.A.—Our King and Queen. Illustrated. Parts II. and III. 7d. net ..... *Hutchinson*

Wright, Arnold, and Philip Smith.—Parliament Past and Present. Illustrated. Part IV. 7d. net ..... *Hutchinson*

New Editions.

Bradley, A. G.—The Fight with France for North America. Illustrated. 6/- ..... *Constable*

Guide to London. Coronation Edition. 1/- ..... *Ward, Lock*

Smith, George Adam.—The Life of Henry Drummond, 3/6 *Hodder & Stoughton*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Amiel's Pensées. Arranged by D. K. Petano. With Critical Introduction by Paul Bourget. 3/- ..... *Wilford Bell*

Beeching, H. C., M.A.—Religio Laici, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*

Crane, Stephen.—Last Words, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*

Creighton, Mandell, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.—Thoughts on Education. Edited by Louise Creighton. 5/- net *Longmans*

[A volume of speeches and sermons by the late Bishop of London, all bearing on educational development, which was always one of deep interest to him. A broad and enthusiastic attitude of thought is expressed here, joined to much practical suggestion, giving the book a special value at a time when our attention is so seriously occupied by the Educational question.]

Dresser, Horatio W.—A Book of Secrets, $1.00 net ... *Putnams*

[Mr. Dresser's secrets, which deal with points of evolution, character, action, social adjustments, and other kindred matters, are told in a delightfully terse and epigrammatic manner. The volume is full of phrases and sense.]

Ellacombe, Rev. Henry N., M.A.—In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere, 5/- net ..... *John Lane*

[A true gardener's book, written in a cheerful, flower-loving spirit, giving useful results of experience, discoursing on ancient and foreign sources, and including a patriotic chapter on the value, beauty, and general admirableness of our National gardens at Kew.]

Foli, Professor P. R. S.—Handwriting as an Index to Character, 1/- ..... *Pearson*

[By this book of signatures and their significance we may learn the immense value which attaches to a heavy dot over the "i," the constancy of affection denoted by a "sort of barbed hook" in the crossing of the "t," and many another important piece of evidence which we have hitherto passed over in the handwriting of friends, enemies, and acquaintances. It is a book to be pondered over in serious moments. Professor Foli has made his subject clear and interesting.]

Foli, Professor P. R. S.—Pearson's Fortune Teller, 1/- ... *Pearson*

[Deals with all kinds of divination from the most ancient times—cartomancy, astrology, palmistry, and so forth, and gives numberless methods and customs for reading the future.]

Fowler, W. Warde.—More Tales of the Birds. Illustrated. 3/6 *Macmillan*

[A delightful story-book, in which housemartins and sandpipers, magpies and starlings, play the parts usually assigned to humans in novels. Any child who loves birds will accept this volume with joy.]

Hall, W. Winslow.—Applied Religion, 3/6 net *Brimley Johnson*

[A practical little volume, which gives care to the body as well as to the soul. Service and worship, personal and international, are discussed; and sound rules suggested for feeding and clothing.]

Ioläus. Edited by Edward Carpenter ..... *Swan Sonnenschein*

[An anthology of friendship, and an extremely interesting book. Here the editor shows, not only the friendship customs from early time, but reveals by his selections and the order of them, the place Friendship has taken, and the part it has played in the world, proving its strength and importance, as civiliser and inspirer.]

Living Animals of the World, The. Illustrated. Part XIX. 7d. net ..... *Hutchinson*

Machen, Arthur.—Hieroglyphics, 5/- net ..... *Richards*

Marillier, Harry Currie.—University Magazines and their Makers. Illustrated. 3/6 ..... *Wilford Bell*

Mason, Finch.—The Run of the Season. Illustrated. 6/- net *Treherne & Co.*

[A humorously illustrated folio volume, descriptive of country life and sport.]

Pendleton, John.—How to Succeed as a Journalist, 3/6 *Grant Richards*

Sherman, L. A.—What is Shakespeare? 6/- net ..... *Macmillan*

Skrine, Huntley.—Pastor Agnorum, 5/- net ..... *Longmans*

[In his most charming preface the author says: "Just as one man hopes to pass through life and not be mayor of his native town; and another, who does not like snakes, trusts that no duty will give him a call to India; so I have always desired that it may never be my manifest duty to compose an Educational treatise." These "Schoolmaster's Afterthoughts" are very surely no educational treatise; but they are such pleasant, wise, and helpful thoughts, and the volume is so full of suggestion and delight, that no educationalist should fail to read it.]

Social Evil, The. A Report prepared under the Direction of the Committee of Fifteen ..... *Putnams*

Steinitz, William.—A Selection of Games. Edited by Charles Devidé. 5/- net ..... *Putnams*

Walker, C. J.—Advertiser's Ready Reckoner, 1902, 1/- and 2/- *Walker, 24, Coleman Street*

Watts, Charles.—The Miracles of Christian Belief, 1/- *Watts & Co.*

New Editions.

Gesetze über das Urheberrecht in allen Ländern. Revised by Prof. Ernst Röthlisberger ..... *G. Hedeler, Leipzig*

Locke, John (1632-1704).—How to Bring up Your Children, 1/- net *Sampson Low, Marston & Co.*

Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun, The. English Version. By R. H. 2/- ..... *Wilford Bell*

Stevenson, Robert Louis.—Father Damien. An Open Letter. With Portraits and Critical Addenda. 4/- ..... *Wilford Bell*

Unit Library, The. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, 5½d.; Sterne's Sentimental Journey, 4d.; Darwin's Origin of Species, 11d.; Emerson's English Traits, 5d. ..... *The Unit Library*

[An admirable scheme for a series of reprints. The Unit Library intends to issue a varied selection of classics, wide in its range, and unusually low in price. The idea is to charge the purchaser according to the size of the book purchased, at a uniform rate of one halfpenny per unit of twenty-five pages. The reprints may be obtained in paper covers at the cost of a penny over and above the cost of the pages; in tasteful and serviceable cloth binding for fourpence; and in a really charming limp leather binding for one shilling and a penny. An enterprising venture well begun. The books now before us are handy, light, and in good, clear type.]

Venting, Rev. R.—Fragrant Flowers from the King's Gardens, 3/6 ..... *Simpkin, Marshall & Co.*

XUM

HODDER & STOUGHTON'S

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Diversions of a Country Gentleman. By **Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bart.**, Author of "Poems of a Country Gentleman," etc. With Photogravure Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, **6s.** net.

The Philosophy of the Christian Religion. By the **Rev. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D., LL.D.**, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. 8vo, 600 pages, **12s.**, cloth.

After the Resurrection. By the **Rev. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.** (Manchester). Crown 8vo, **5s.**, cloth.

"Clear, forcible, and suggestive exposition."—*Scotsman.*

Love Never Faileth. An Emotion touched by Moralities. By **P. CARNEGIE SIMPSON.** Crown 8vo, **5s.**, cloth.

The Life of Queen Alexandra. By **SARAH A. TOOLEY**, Author of "The Personal Life of Queen Victoria." With 110 Illustrations. Royal 8vo, **6s.** net.

"The work could hardly have been entrusted to a more tactful and sympathetic pen. The illustrations are almost as interesting as the letterpress."—*Standard.*

Travel and Adventure in Tibet. Including the Diary of Miss ANNIE R. TAYLOR'S remarkable Journey through the Heart of the Forbidden Land. By **WILLIAM CAREY.** With 75 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, **6s.**, cloth.

The God of the Frail, and other Sermons. By the **Rev. T. G. SELBY**, Author of "The Unheeding God," etc. Crown 8vo, **6s.**, cloth.

Religions of Bible Lands. By the **Rev. Prof. D. S. MARGOLIOUTH, M.A.**, Author of "Lines of Defence of the Biblical Revelation." A New Volume of "Christian Study Manuals." Fcap. 8vo, **1s.** net.

The Integrity of Scripture. By the **Rev. JOHN SMITH, D.D.** (Edinburgh). Crown 8vo, **3s. 6d.**, cloth.

The Sacrament of Pain. A Book of Consolation. By the **Rev. JOHN MORGAN** (Edinburgh). Fcap. 8vo, **3s. 6d.**, cloth.

Jane Eyre. By **CHARLOTTE BRONTË.** To which is added "The Moores." With Introduction by **W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D.** Crown 8vo, **6s.**, cloth.

The Life of Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E. By **GEORGE ADAM SMITH, D.D., LL.D.** New and Cheap Edition. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, **3s. 6d.**, cloth.

The Life of R. W. Dale (Birmingham). By his Son, **A. W. W. DALE, M.A.** New and Cheap Edition. With Portrait. 8vo, **6s.**, cloth.

The Glory and Joy of the Resurrection. By **JAMES PATON, D.D.** Crown 8vo, **3s. 6d.**, cloth.

"Dr. Paton will impress the most casual reader as a reverent, conscientious, and scholarly interpreter of Scripture, and one rises from his book with a new conception of power and extent of the Resurrection doctrine."—*Glasgow Herald.*

The Spiritual Mind. By **ROBERT HENRY ROBERTS, B.A.**, late Principal of Regent's Park College. Large crown 8vo, **7s. 6d.**, cloth.

The Conflict of Truth. By **F. HUGH CAPRON.** Demy 8vo, cloth, **10s. 6d.**

"A most ingenious, learned, and interesting book."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

"The treatise is undeniably novel and clever."—*Glasgow Herald.*

The Church and its Purpose; or, The Throne of St. Peter. A Study of the Nature and Object of the Church's Authority. By **Rev. JOHN OMAN, B.D.** (Alnwick). Crown 8vo, **7s. 6d.**, cloth.

London: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C

BOOKS WANTED.

[*Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted, owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.*]

MR. FRANK MURRAY, MORAY HOUSE, DERBY.

Derbyshire Books and Prints.
Lyson's History Derbyshire.
Simpson's History of Derby, 7 vols.
Haslem's Derby China Factory.
Binn's Century of Patting.
Bemrose's Bow and Chelsea Porcelain.

HENRY DOOLEY, STOCKPORT.

Pilgrimage to Cheshire and Shropshire, by Fletcher Moss.
Morris's British Birds, parts or vols, J. C. Nimmo's.

H. PERCIVAL ROSSITER, 9, ELM PLACE, BATH.

Studies in the History of the Renaissance, 1873.
Marius the Epicurean, 1885.
Essays from the Guardian, 1896.
Earthwork out of Tuscany, 1895.
Some Chinese Ghosts, 1884.
Stray Leaves from Strange Literature.
Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan, 1894.
Exotics and Retrospectives, 1898.
Daphnis and Chloe, 1893.
Full prices for fine copies.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

WRIGHT AND JONES, 2, ORMOND ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON, S.W.

Wilde (O.): Vera, or the Nihilists, 12s. 6d.
Wilde (O.): An Ideal Husband, 7s. 6d.
—— Dorian Gray, 10s. 6d.
—— Happy Prince, 3s. 6d.
—— Lady Windermere's Fan, 21s.
—— The Sphinx, 15s.

F. J. WILLIAMS, 85, POLLOK STREET, GLASGOW, S.

Kay's Edinburgh Portraits, original subscriber's copy, 2 vols., 1837-8.
Whistle Binkie and Songs for the Nursery, 1st and 2nd editions.
Law's Arabian Nights, 1883, woodcuts and 18 etchings by A. Lalange.
Serpent Worship, Staniland Wake, 1888.
Collection of Works on Pre-Christian Worships (list on application).

Books Wanted.

All First Editions, Original Bindings, unless otherwise stated.

EDWARD BAKER'S
GREAT BOOKSHOP,
14 and 16, John Bright Street,
BIRMINGHAM.

Ackermann's Microcosm, 3 vols., 1808 or 1811, £8 offered
—— New Matrimonial Ladder, 1840, 15s. offered
—— History of Public Schools, 1816, £8 offered
—— Repository of Arts, 40 vols., 1809-28, £8 offered
—— University of Oxford, 2 vols., 1814, £4 offered
Adams' Works in Architecture, 3 vols., 1772, £6 offered
Ainsworth's Old Saint Paul's, 1841, 3 vols., 30s. offered
—— St. James's, 3 vols., 1846, 30s. offered
—— Lancashire Witches, 3 vols., 1849, 10s. offered
Aiken's Funeral Procession of Wellington, 25s. offered
—— Shakespeare's Seven Ages, 1824, 20s. offered
Aspin's Naval and Military Exploits, 1820, 21s. offered
Alpine Journal, 20 vols., £15 offered
Boydell's River Thames, 2 vols., 1794, £5 offered
Burton's Arabian Nights, 16 vols., £20 offd.
Bacon (Lord), Works, 14 vols., 1857-74, 14 vols., £2 offered
Barrett's British Lepidoptera, 75 parts, £4 offered
Bentham and Hooker Genera Plantarum, 3 vols., 1867, £2 offered
Blond's Theory of Gardening, 1728, 10s. offd.
Burns' Poems, 1787, £3 offered
Bury's Liverpool and Manchester Railway, 1831, 25s. offered
Coleridge, Notes on Shakespeare, 2 vols., 1849, 8s. offered
—— Poems, 1796, 1797, or 1803, 10s. each offered
Curtis, British Entomology, 1824-39, 16 vols., £8 offered
—— Flora Londinensis, 1777-98, 6 vols., £4 offered
Cooke's British Fungi, 8 vols., 1881-91, £8 offered
Crowe and Cavalcaselle, History Painting in Italy, 1864, 3 vols., £2 10s. offered
Cunningham's Story of Nell Gwynne, 1852, 8s. offered
Chaffers' Keramic Gallery, 1872, 2 vols., £2 offered
Clark's Views in Scotland, 1825, £3 offered
De Quincey, Opium Eater, 1822, 10s. offered
Froude's Short Studies, 4 vols., 8vo, 1867-83, £2 offered
Fergusson's Serpent Worship, 1868 or 73, £3 offered
Fowler's Coleoptera, 1886-91, 53 parts, £3 offered
Hayley's Life of Romney, 1809, 25s. offered
Hamerton, Etchings and Etchers, 1880, 30s. offered
Henley's Tudor Translations, complete set, 30 vols., £20 offered
Hussey's British Mycology, 1847-55, £4 offd.
Jerrold's Men of Character, 1838, 3 vols., 25s. offered
Lang's Blue Fairy Book, large paper, 1889, 25s. offered
Lever's Fortunes of Glencore, 3 vols., 1857, 10s. offered
—— That Boy of Norcott's, 1869, 10s. offd.
Law's Serious Call, 1729, 5s. offered
Malton's London and Westminster, 1792, £2 offered
Moore's Lepidoptera of Ceylon, 3 vols., 1880-87, £3 offered
Nayler's Coronation George IV., 1837, £5 offered
Orme's Military and Naval Anecdotes, 1819, £2 offered
Pater's Works, edit.-de-luxe, 8 vols, £4 offd.
Payne's Arabian Nights, 1882, 9 vols., £4 offered
—— The Decameron, 3 vols., 1886, 30s. offered
—— Novels of Bandello, 1890, 6 vols., £3 offered
—— Tales from the Arabic, 1884, 3 vols., 30s. offered
Pope's Rape of the Lock, 1714, 20s. offered
Pyne's Royal Residences, 1819, 3 vols, £8 offered
Quizem's Annals of Sporting, 1809, 10s. offd.
Rowlandson's Naples and the Campagna, 1815, 25s. offered
Scott's Works, border edition, 48 vols., £5 offered
Sauvan's Tour of the Seine, 1821, 21s. offd.
Sloane's Life of Napoleon, 1896, 4 vols., 30s. offered
Symonds' Studies Greek Poets
Sowerby, English Botany, 1877-86, 12 vols., £7 offered
Tennyson's In Memoriam, 1st edit., 1850, 20s. offered
Taunton's Racehorses, 4 vols., 1887, £2 offd.
Westmacott's The English Spy, 1825, 2 vols., £4 offered
Williamson's Richard Cosway, 1897, large paper, £5 offered
Yarrell's Birds, 4th edit., 4 vols., 1871, £2 offered
Young's Emperors of Turkey, 1815, £2 offd.
Yule's Marco Polo, 1871 or 1875, £2 offered
Hewlett, Any First Editions of
Hewlett's Earthwork out of Tuscany, 1st Edition, 1895, 10s. 6d. offered
Pan and the Young Shepherd, 1st Edition, 10s. offered
Stephen Phillips' Eremus, 1st Edition, 10s. offered
—— Poems, 1889, 1st Edition, 10s. offd.
—— Paola and Francesca, 1st Edition, 10s. offered
Morris and Moritz Brewing, 7s. 6d. offered
Dowell's Taxes and Taxation, 4 vols, 1888, 20s. offered
Bryce American Commonwealth, 3 vols, 1888, 20s. offered
Belt's Naturalist in Nicaragua, 1873, 5s. offd.
Chapman's Wild Spain, 10s. 6d. offered
Children of the Chapel, 1864, 7s. 6d. offered
Cow Chace in 3 Cantos, New York, 1780, 30s. offered
Moll Pitcher, a Poem, Boston, 1832, 25s. offd.
James (G. P. R.) Novels, 21 vols, 1845-49, £2 offered
Shakespeare, Malone's Edition, 1821, 21 vols., £2 10s. offered
Shakespeare, Notes by Singer, 10 vols, 1826, 30s. offered
—— Notes by Valpy, 15 vols., 1832, 25s. offered
—— By Staunton, 1866, folio, 30s. offered
Swinburne's Queen Mother and Rosamund Pickering, 1866, £3 offered
Wilde's Salome, illustrated by Beardsley, 7s. 6d. offered
—— Woman of No Importance, 7s. 6d. offered
—— Lady Windermere's Fan, 7s. 6d. offd.
—— Poems, 7s. 6d. offered
Browning's Poems, 1844, 2 vols, 10s. offered
—— Prometheus Bound, 1833, 10s. offered
—— The Seraphim, and other Poems, 1838, 10s. offered
—— Sonnets by E. B. B., published at Reading, 1847, 10s. offered
—— Bells and Pomegranates, 1841, 20s. offered
—— Paracelsus, 1835, 21s. offered
—— Pauline, 1833, £2 offered
—— Strafford, 1837, 21s. offered
—— Sordello, 1840, 10s. offered
—— Any Autograph letters or Presentation Copies of his works
Poe, Edgar A., Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems, Baltimore, 1829, 25s. offered
—— Poems, New York, 1831, 25s. offered
—— Poems, 1829, £2 offered
—— Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe; No. 1, The Murders in the Rue Morgue, Philadelphia, 1843, paper covers, 25s. offered
—— The Raven, and other Poems, New York, 1845, 2 vols, 25s. offered
—— Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, Philadelphia, 1840, 2 vols, 25s. offd.
—— Tamerlane, and other Poems, by a Bostonian, Boston, 1827, £2 offd.
Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads, 2 vols, 1800. 10s. offered
—— River Duddon, 1820, 10s. offered
—— Poems, 2 vols, 1807, 10s. offered
—— Thanksgiving Ode, 1816, 5s. offered
—— The Waggoner, 1819, 5s. offered
—— Any Autograph Letters or First Editions of his Works
Shelley's Adonais, an Elegy, Pisa, 1821, £5 offered
—— Alastor, or Spirit of Solitude, 1816, £3 offered
—— The Cenci, Italy, 1819, £3 offered
—— Hellas, a Lyrical Drama, 1822, £3 offd.
—— Laon and Cythna, 1818, £2 offered
—— Masque of Anarchy, 1832, 25s. offered
—— Prometheus Unbound, 1820, 25s. offd.
—— Queen Mab, a Philosophical Poem, 1813, £5 offered
—— Another, 1821, 10s. offered
—— The Revolt of Islam, 1817, £2 offered
—— Rosalind and Helen, 1819, £2 offered
—— St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian, 1811, £3 offered
—— Poetical Works, 4 vols., 1839, 10s. offd.
—— Any first editions or autograph letters of
Symonds' Age of the Despots, 1875, 10s. offd.
—— Sketches in Italy and Greece, 1874, 10s. offered
—— Renaissance in Italy, 7 vols
—— Shakespeare's Predecessors, 1884, 7s. 6d. offered
—— Sonnets, Michael Angelo, etc., 1878, 7s. 6d. offered

(Continued on page 78.)

NEW VOLUMES OF THE CAXTON SERIES—
ILLUSTRATED REPRINTS OF FAMOUS CLASSICS.

THE SERIOUS POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD.
With Illustrations by H. GRANVILLE FELL. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.** net; Lambskin, **3s.** net; Parchment, in a box, **3s. 6d.** net.

A BOOK OF ROMANTIC BALLADS.
Compiled from various sources, ranging from the Thirteenth Century to the Present Day. With Illustrations by REGINALD SAVAGE. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.** net; Lambskin, **3s.** net. Parchment, in a box, **3s. 6d.** net.

THE SKETCH BOOK.
By WASHINGTON IRVING. With Illustrations by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN. Two Volumes. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, **5s.** net; Lambskin, **6s.** net; Parchment, in a box, **7s.** net.

"A well-conceived series of books."—*Academy.*

Each 3s. 6d. net.

CROWN 8vo, CLOTH, FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

OUR NEIGHBOURS.

A series of handy books dealing with the Intellectual Life of the various peoples, their Social Divisions and Distinctions, their Manners and Customs, Wealth and Poverty, their Armies and Systems of National Defence, their Industrial Life, Rural Life, Home Life, Religious Life, Amusements, and Local Governments.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

The following Volumes are ready:—

DUTCH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By M. P. HOUGH, B.A.
SWISS LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By A. T. STORY.
RUSSIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By FRANCIS H. E. PALMER.
GERMAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.
FRENCH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By MISS HANNAH LYNCH.

Post Free, 3s. 10d. each.

LONDON: GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED.

A New Story by Mrs. Wiggin.

NOW READY. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, profusely illustrated, **3s. 6d.**

THE DIARY OF A GOOSE-GIRL.

"The Diary of a Goose-Girl" is as enjoyable a bit of literature as we have lately seen. One can pick it up, open it at random, and read any page of it aloud, sure of a laughing, delighted audience.

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX.

A Book about the Cat. By AGNES REPPLIER, Author of "Essays in Idleness," etc. Crown 8vo, with 4 full-page and 17 text Illustrations. Tastefully bound. Price 7s. 6d. net.

Guardian.—"A very few pages are enough to convince the appreciative reader that this is a book altogether out of the common. Not a book, but THE book, of the cat."

ROME.

By C. E. CLEMENT, Author of "Venice," "Naples," etc. Two vols., demy 8vo., with 20 photogravures of views and objects of interest, together with 239 text Illustrations. Richly bound and gilt, and enclosed in cloth box. Price 25s. net.

Spectator.—"One may say, indeed, that all which is known about Rome has found its way between these gorgeous covers. . . . The author has taken enormous pains, and those who read through her 800 pages will find a great deal to satisfy them."

SECOND LARGE EDITION NOW READY.

HOME THOUGHTS.

By "C." Mrs. JAMES FARLEY COX. Being Volume V. of "The World Beautiful Library." Fcap. 8vo., pp. 330, tastefully bound in red or white buckram, gilt top, price 3s. 6d.

Liverpool Post.—"The 'Home Thoughts' are an appeal on behalf of domestic devotion and simplicity, but without any silliness or mere goodiness therewith. Intellect and assimilated culture are in every essay, with the priceless plus quantity of that exquisite literary gift which first came to the world in Addison's 'Spectator.'"

London: GAY & BIRD, 22, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, W.C.
(*Agency for American Books.*)

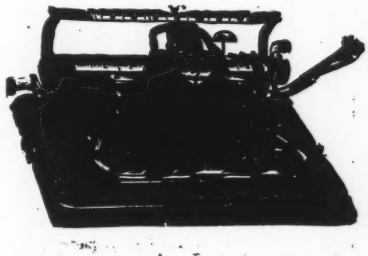
The Outstanding Points of the

BLICKENSDERFER Typewriter (*Though by no means the only ones*)

are . . .

Its Small Size, Its Great Strength,

and **Its Moderate Price.**



No. 7. Price £10 10s. Net and Cash.
No. 5. ,, £8 8s. ,, ,, ,,

The first and third are apparent to the most casual observer, and not infrequently lead to very erroneous conclusions. The second is soon revealed to the trained mechanic as he examines the construction of the machine, and to the swift operator in its daily manipulation. The combination is unique and attractive, and the portability of these machines make them favourites with all who have to use a typewriter which can be readily handled.

Send for List No. 11, which contains full description and references to local users.

BLICKENSDERFER TYPEWRITER CO. Head Office: **NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**

LONDON: 9, Cheapside. (West End Agency: 195, Oxford Street.)